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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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TWENTY YEARS AFTER.—SEE PAGE 251.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1881.

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POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE.

**A**FTER the respect due to Judge Robertson for his high personal character, nothing perhaps, in his nomination by the President for the post of Collector of Customs at the Port of New York, excited so much of public sympathy in his favor as the fact that his name had become the representative and symbol of determined opposition to what is popularly known as "Bossism" in politics. After his confirmation by the Senate he was prompt to perceive and to acknowledge that it was this antagonism which had triumphed in his person. Called to respond to some popular salutations immediately after that confirmation, he held the following language:

"The abolition of the unit rule, the defeat of the third-term project, the establishment of the principle of district representation at Chicago, and the reaffirmance at Washington of the constitutional right of the President to nominate to the Senate, and to have such nomination considered by the Senate, are hopeful evidences of the dawning of a brighter day in politics, when independence of thought and independence of action may be exercised within the party by any loyal member thereof, without the certainty of instant death beneath the wheels of the political juggernaut. When that day comes, and not till then, we shall have what you and every other good citizen have long and earnestly desired—government by the people."

On the other hand, as the advocate of the "unit rule," which had for its designed effect to stifle the voice of Republican opposition to "the third-term project" and to kill the principle of district representation at Chicago, Mr. Conkling is equally well known as the highest exponent of those political methods and agencies which seek to accomplish, by organization and machinery, the ascendancy of particular men and the success of particular measures as the be-all and end-all of Republican policy. By politicians of this sort the public offices in their respective States are held to be the legitimate appanage of their personal fortunes, and all the incumbents of public place are regarded as their hired retainers, placed, as such, under the most imperative obligations to work for the success of "the Boss" in all primary elections and in all State conventions, which latter become the mere machinery for registering his wishes and recording his edicts, while his favorite machinery for managing legislative bodies is the political caucus, with its cast-iron enginery of despotism for the suppression of individual opinion and personal convictions wherever they come in conflict with the wishes and edicts of the party leader.

The terms under which the party leader holds his ascendancy in the public councils, whether it be a Kelly in the councils of Tammany Hall or a Conkling in the councils of the Senate at Washington, dispense him from the necessity of devising fruitful measures for the promotion of the public welfare or of defending great constitutional principles as put in issue from time to time by the contentions of party. In his long career as a "statesman" at Washington we cannot recall a single great measure or constitutional principle with which the name of Mr. Conkling has been identified by the part he has taken in its advocacy, while his transcendent talents and rare oratorical gifts have been reserved for the discussion of the tithes of mint, anise and cummin pertaining to questions of administrative detail and the dispensation of public patronage. It was on such questions that a difference of opinion with the Hayes Administration drove him into the attitude of a "sulking Achilles" for the term of four years, and it is on such questions that he has come to an open rupture with the Administration of General Garfield at the very threshold of its existence.

With the personal issues raised between Mr. Conkling and the President we have no concern. For the political susceptibilities which have been stung into exacerbation by the feuds and bickerings of discordant factions in the bosom of the Republican Party, whether at Washington or at Albany, we have neither healing cataplasms or fresh irritants to apply. But, as independent journalists, we have a very

particular interest in the cause of political independence, an interest which overrides the concern we feel for the fate of persons, parties and administrations, except so far as they severally seem to be identified with the welfare of the country and the purity of the public service.

And will anybody deny that the welfare of the country and the purity of the public service call for the elimination of all arrogant personalism from the domain of American politics? For the personalism which demands and concedes the rights of individual opinion and of untrammelled discussion in the ranks of party organization we have all possible respect, but for the personalism which installs a one-man power on the ruins of individualism in others, which rules by the denial of freedom of action to State and national conventions, which relies on the capture and enslavement of private and personal convictions by the machinery of caucus dictation, and which, in the insolence of its presumption, seeks to make the Presidential chair a mere footstool for its ambitious pretensions, we have nothing but invincible repugnance.

If the fountains of our public life are not kept clean and pure from this intrusion of privy conspiracy and political machination, it is vain to hope that the stream of our public debates should be other than bitter, acrid and desolating. Witness, for instance, the debates of the Senate in the extraordinary session which has just come to a close. From the beginning to the end its proceedings were modulated at the dictation of a political caucus, and its action inspired by the hopes and rewards of political advantage or by the baser pelf of a few petty offices. Were ever debates more barren of public interest than those droned for weeks in the ears of a long-suffering and disgusted public, and was ever a breakdown more conspicuous than that which has left "the machine" at Washington in a state of wreck?

Whatever may be the outcome of this political catastrophe, and whatever its effect on the fortunes of men or of organizations, we may at least hope that the conditions and the limitations of political independence will be restored by it to somewhat of their pristine significance in the ranks of the dominant party. The resultant and predominant opinion of a party can have its full force and effect only where the fullest and freest play is given to the evolution of independent thought and action, for where either of these is repressed the conditions of reaction and explosion are made organic. It is only by freely wishing the same things and freely thinking the same things concerning the republic that parties can hang together with efficiency and act with vigor. Where this free cohesion is wanting, the hoops and bands of party machinery do but publish the fact of the disintegration which reigns within, and which is the sure presage of an impending collapse where the evil is left to run its course.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

**N**O book ever published has probably been received with a keener distrust, none has found so great a number of readers, none has been so thoroughly discussed, as the Revised New Testament, and in no instance has adverse criticism been so easily and rapidly silenced. In the few days since the book appeared we find objections which have been made to Bible revision in general vanishing equally with unfavorable criticisms upon particular points in the published portion of the work, and the most conservative Bible readers—those who have been most justly accused of worship of a book—are already reconciled to changes to which they are fast becoming accustomed.

This is not surprising, since both before and since the appearance of the book nearly all adverse criticism has turned, not upon the thoroughness or scholarly value of the work, but upon such sentimental issues as the disturbing of old associations, the loss of melody in the flow of sentences, or the sacrilege of meddling with a classic work. Not that sentiment or rhythmic beauty are in themselves puerile considerations. If the work to be revised were simply one of our great classics—if it were Shakespeare, for example—it would be well to look with suspicion upon any attempt to "do" it over into the vernacular of the day. The very purity of our mother-tongue, its force and richness, depend in great measure upon the preservation, in a form familiar to all readers, of those antique expressions and poetic turns of phrase with which our elder literature abounds. Additional clearness would be dearly bought by the loss of a single one of a great poet's own utterances. Better far that readers should be educated to an understanding of obsolete or old-fashioned words and idioms.

But the comparison between the Bible and Shakespeare is not a fair one. Granting that the King James translation, or, rather, revision, is one of our choicest classics, one to which we owe much of the strength and beauty of the English of today, it is still not an original work. Even

apart from its claim to be a divine revelation, every thinking reader would wish to gain all the light which the advance in classical learning and the discovery of old manuscripts can throw upon so noble and unique a work. Who would not welcome Bryant's "Homer," though he had learned to read, if not to parse, in Pope's translation until it had become as familiar as household words? The illustration is a fair one, although "Homer" has never been, nor could be, so entwined with the life of humanity as is the King James Bible; but the more thoroughly that Bible has become identified with the religious life of a people, the stronger the argument for its words being, at whatever sacrifice, brought more into accordance with the true meaning and spirit of the original, whether a divinely-inspired revelation or a still more wonderful, because more incomprehensible, production of human genius.

The importance of a correct modern rendering of the archaic expressions of the Bible is not readily appreciated by readers trained by study of the English classics, or by early familiarity with the book itself. Stories of ludicrous misapprehensions of Bible expressions are common enough, but it is hard to put one's self in the place of an ignorant or even of a fairly intelligent man whose only classical reading is the Bible, and realize how much confusion arises in his mind from the employment of words in an archaic sense which to him are familiar in their modern meaning only, or to many of which he has given an erroneous meaning gathered from his sense of the passage in which they occur. The old woman who, seeking a Scripture name for her dog, called him "Moreover," after the dog that licked the sores of Lazarus, committed only a venial error; but there have been more serious mistakes than hers. Volumes of commentary—taking one page with another—have been written to explain that "Take no thought for the morrow" was not spoken to encourage a reckless extravagance, or incite to a height of virtue impossible in this practical world. They might all have been spared by the more correct, though less poetic, "Be not anxious" of the new version. So, though matters of doctrine are not practically affected by the revision, yet the necessity of comment and elucidation has been largely done away with—a necessity which has been a bane to many a devout Bible student whose mind has not been trained to the enjoyment either of literary criticism or of solid reading. The single consideration of the benefit thus accruing to the unlearned, by a more simple and modern rendering of the Bible, may well reconcile more highly educated and fastidious readers to any sacrifice of sentiment. For the rest, no one is obliged to use the new version to whom the old is more satisfactory. For some time to come it will, no doubt, be read principally for the sake of comparison, but the prospect now is that it will come rapidly into general favor.

MR. CONKLING'S STRUGGLE.

**I**T is possible that Mr. Conkling may be re-elected to the United States Senate, but he can never recover the position in the public regard which he has forfeited by his extraordinary surrender of an honorable trust at a vital juncture in the history of his party. If re-elected, he will in no sense represent the people, for their declaration has been overwhelmingly against him; he will owe his triumph entirely to the "machine"—to the suppression by its brutal methods of the real sentiment of members of the Legislature; and, occupying that position before the country, triumph would prove little less than absolute disaster. This is plainly seen and realized by Mr. Conkling's real friends, and he would have done well had he listened to their counsel, and declined to go into a contest which has only revealed his weakness. For, a Senator who has not strength enough in a State where his word has been law to call a Legislative caucus of his own party after a week of persistent, desperate effort, certainly has lost his "primacy" in the broadest sense. The feeling of the best class of Mr. Conkling's admirers is well expressed by the *Troy Times*, edited by one of his ablest and most devoted followers, who now says:

"So long as Mr. Conkling contented himself with 'the exercise of his right to differ with the President,' he had the sympathy and support of a large portion, perhaps the majority, of the Republicans of the State of New York. But he went further; he resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States, and with his colleague retired from the Senate chamber. By that act he turned a Republican Senate into a Democratic body, and threw the politics of New York State, if not the country, into such dangerous confusion that no man can foresee the end. Mr. Conkling may have his grievances against the President, but the Republican Party of New York, which so loved, honored and trusted Roscoe Conkling, has a greater grievance against him for deserting his post in the Senate, and, by becoming a candidate for the office he had unwisely resigned, creating a breach in the party that time itself may never heal. Therein is the wrong—the unhappy mistake of a great and brilliant man."

Mr. Conkling may not yet, perhaps, be able to see, but it is the fact all the same, that he is no longer regarded as essential either to his party or to the country. His

imperious ambition has overleaped itself, and whether Senator or private citizen in the future, he will neither be a controlling force nor an admired figure in the politics of the country.

THE MYSTERIES OF MIND.

**T**HE discoveries of the present day are happily not limited to material things. The evolution of wheels and levers, and valves and pistons; of motors and illuminators; of vehicles and endless combinations for comfort, is of utmost interest and value, but the progress now being made in the phenomena of mind is of even higher importance. The old question: "What is the soul?" has arisen again. No sooner have the materialists of the school of Huxley and Zollner proclaimed that there is no soul, no spirit, no mind, no room in the dictionary for the meaningless word "metaphysics," than some facts which have been overlooked come up to thwart and confound them anew. No sooner do they declare that thought is "a mode of motion" and a product of the phosphoric brain, and that intelligence results from certain throbbings and movements of the more delicate forms of matter, than some occurrence whose acquaintance they had not previously made knocks at the door of their conclusion.

It is perhaps odd that most of the advance that has been made in a knowledge of the human mind in this century has been made during the last ten years, and most of this is to be credited to Americans. The English, French and German savans are behind in this interesting realm of investigation. Within the last Winter New York physiologists, notably Drs. Beard and Hammond, have been led to reopen the question of mesmerism or psychology, which made such a tremendous stir in the world of science a hundred years ago, and again forty years ago, and they have come to certain novel conclusions which are worth recording with definiteness:

1. That trance is a condition of the nervous system, in which the activities of one part of the brain are suspended, while the activity of the remainder is correspondingly increased.
2. That there are several sorts of trance, of which two of the most common are inebriety and somnambulism.
3. That all persons are liable to trance-oidal states, but that some are much more sensitive than others, and that about one-eighth are capable of being put into a total trance by mesmeric passes or a hypnotic fixing of the attention, and that they then upon become subject to the command of the operator.
4. That trance is not an imposed condition, but is wholly subjective; that is, that Mesmer's idea that some subtle fluid or mysterious force goes out from the operator to the subject is erroneous, and that the mesmerist can put the subject to sleep just as well by letter or by telegraph as if he is present.

5. That even the most sensitive subject can prevent being mesmerized by pressing the thumb and forefinger together, or by thinking intently on mother or home—that is, by fixing the attention elsewhere.

6. That entranced subjects sometimes evince remarkable capabilities. At command of the operator they become stone-deaf, so as not to start when an unseen pistol is unexpectedly fired close to the ear; blind with one eye or both, color-blind, near-sighted or long-sighted, so as to read fine print at a distance of eight or ten feet; insensible to pain, so that a white-hot iron can be pressed into the flesh without causing the subject to flinch or even to be conscious of it, and, in some cases, the sensitives have been able to read distinctly and unerringly with both eyes tightly bandaged and the book laid upon the head. These things are all done under test conditions—that is, in the presence of experts who preclude the possibility of deception.

7. That entranced subjects are not at all likely to be used as instruments of evil-doers for the perpetration of crime; for, while an entranced person could be made to commit suicide or murder at the command of an operator, if properly armed, yet he is just as likely to use a straw or a bit of paper for a dagger, and is quite incompetent to perform any complicated act requiring reason and method.

It is to be added that Dr. Beard and Dr. Hammond have not explained the phenomena they have witnessed. Dr. Beard's definition of the trance above given falls far short of an explanation. For it does not explain reading without the use of eyes, the abnormal increase of vision, the loss of sensibility, the quickening of the pulse at will and the intermittence of heart-throbs. These occurrences are outside of the domain of the will, in the realm of the involuntary life. Investigation has yet much to disclose, and it begins to look as if, in spite of the wonderful activity of the Patent Office, the principal discoveries of this decade are to be made in the zone of psychology. If "the gray matter of the brain" is all there is of the human soul, it is high time we knew it, that we may pro-



perly explore the house; but it may be that science itself, candid if arrogant, would be at last brought to disclose something concerning the elusive tenant itself.

### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THERE can be no doubt that the agitation in Ireland is abating. Aside from the disturbances growing out of the execution of ejectment processes, the people are beginning to obey the law, and the fierce and angry tumult which swept the island a year ago has apparently spent its force. The only important incident of the past week was the arrest of Thomas Brennan, the secretary of the Land League, on a charge of inciting persons to commit violence in obstructing the enforcement of the law. Brennan has been one of the most reckless of the agitators, and his incarceration in prison affords another proof that the Government means to deal with all offenders as they deserve. There is an intimation that the League will probably organize a national strike against the payment of rents, but even Mr. Parnell will scarcely commit himself to so supreme a policy as this. In the House of Commons the action of the Government in arresting Brennan and a certain Catholic priest has been made the subject of bitter speeches by Home Rule members. Over one thousand amendments to the Land Bill have been entered for consideration, and many others will be added. The Bill will be taken up in committee from day to day after the Whitsun recess. The English Land Leaguers in and out of Parliament have resolved to hold demonstrations in Hyde Park and elsewhere, with a view of "evoking public opinion on evictions of tenant farmers."

The Czar of Russia has indicated a desire to protect the Jews of the Empire against the persecutions to which they have lately been subjected, but his efforts in that direction have so far produced no result. The project of the Czar for relieving the peasants of their arrears of principal and interest in their land payments has been indefinitely postponed. The threatening attitude of the Nihilists, the peasant war upon the Jews, and the fact that this war has been instigated by the Nihilists have been used by the nobles as arguments against the scheme, which, it is now announced, "has been referred to experts for further consideration." This news will carry dismay into the provinces. The peasants have been looking forward to such a measure of relief for three years, and its indefinite postponement cannot fail to strengthen the Nihilistic influences at work among them. As to the Nihilists, their audacity seems only to increase. In their manifesto, in reply to General Ignatieff's circular, they dwell on the wretchedness of the peasants, the deportations to Siberia, the gagging of free speech and public journals, and declare that false counselors are in possession of the Czar's ear. The document concludes as follows: "Let your Majesty assemble your people around you and listen to their wishes in an unprejudiced spirit, and then neither your Majesty nor the State will have any reason to apprehend further catastrophe."

French control in Tunis is becoming more certain and definite. Many of the hostile chiefs have submitted to the new régime. The Bey has so far loyally carried out the provisions of the recent treaty, and it is thought that the French troops will be able to return before the 1st of August. The political commotion in Italy still continues.

There is great indignation at Athens over the terms of the Turco-Greek Convention. The Opposition newspapers denounce the convention as a national disgrace. It is becoming more and more obvious that the adjustment of this quarrel by the Powers is really no adjustment at all, having not a single element of permanency. Even should the Government assume the responsibility of ratifying the boundary convention, it would be impossible to maintain it in the present state of public feeling. Meanwhile, anarchy and disorder prevail in all parts of the country. Brigandage reigns up to the very gate of the capital, and, in addition to other proofs of demoralization, large defalcations have been discovered in the Treasury Department, in which a number of prominent officials are said to be implicated.

Prince Alexander of Bulgaria has submitted his ultimatum to the people. It amounts to a demand for a dictatorship for seven years, at the end of which period he shall summon a national assembly to revise the Constitution on the basis of the new institutions he shall have created and the experience he shall have gained. If this programme is not accepted the Prince announces that he will abdicate. The new Russian diplomatic agent has arrived and will accompany the Prince in a tour of the provinces.

Professor Robertson Smith has, by a vote of the General Assembly of the Scotch Free Church, been dismissed from his chair in the Free College at Aberdeen, on account of certain opinions expressed by him in his article on the Bible in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Professor Smith, for instance, in this article, said: "In the Book of Job we find poetical invention of incidents attached to didactic purposes to a name apparently derived from old traditions. There is no valid reason for denying that the Old Testament may contain other examples of the same art. The Book of Jonah is generally viewed as a case in point. Esther, too, has been viewed as a fiction by many who are not over skeptical critics; but in this view a book which finds no recognition in the New Testament, and whose canonicity was long suspected by the Christian as well as by the Jewish Church, must sink to the rank of an apocryphal production." The vote by which Professor Smith was dismissed was decisive, standing 394 to 231.

A visit of M. Gambetta to Cahors, the town

of his nativity, has been made the occasion of a series of fêtes and of enthusiastic popular demonstrations in his honor.—The Turkish budget shows a deficit of 4,000,000 Turkish pounds, caused by the warlike preparations.—It is said that new peers will be created in the Upper House of the Austrian Reichsrath to enable the Government to pass the Bill reducing the legal school term from eight to six years. The Bill, which is regarded as a concession to the Ultramontanes, was only carried in the Lower House with great difficulty.—Herr Johann Most, publisher of the Socialist journal, *Freiheit*, has been convicted in London of libel and inciting to murder. His counsel raised an objection, and sentence was deferred. The punishment is not less than two, or more than three, years' imprisonment. The jury recommended Most to mercy on the ground that he is a foreigner.

The State Department is preparing instructions to the Minister of the United States at St. Petersburg looking to the protection of Jewish citizens of the United States resident in Russia. The rights of American citizens are likely to be protected a good deal more vigorously under the present Administration than under the last.

The spectacle of the Vice-President of the United States intriguig with low ward politicians to compass the humiliation of the National Executive, because he has dared to insist upon his constitutional prerogatives, is not calculated to inspire the average citizen with a very high appreciation either of the "unity of the Administration" or of the dignity of the second officer in the nation.

CARL SCHURZ exchanges a Cabinet portfolio for the higher responsibility of editor-in-chief of the *Evening Post* newspaper of this city. Doubtless, he will maintain fully the high reputation that journal has long enjoyed for independence of opinion and purity and vigor of tone. Mr. Conkling will, no doubt, hear with delight of the elevation of his old adversary to the control of such an influential organ of the best public opinion.

AND NOW the people of Boston mean to show New York what they can do in the way of a World's Fair. At a large and enthusiastic meeting last week, a general managing committee of one hundred well-known merchants was appointed, and letters were read from the Governors of the other New England States and from prominent merchants and manufacturers, offering aid to the project. The date proposed for the Fair is 1885. The Boston people have a way of succeeding in what they undertake, and if they shall launch the enterprise now under discussion, we may be sure they will not permit it to fail.

An official report just issued, and based upon an actual count of matter mailed in the United States during the year ending with the 31st of December last, shows that the number of pieces of all classes mailed in that period was 2,720,234,252. The whole number of letters mailed was 1,053,252,876, or an average of 21 for each man, woman and child in the United States; 324,556,440 postal cards, 812,032,000 newspapers, 40,148,792 magazines and other periodicals, and 21,515,832 packages of merchandise. The greatest number of letters mailed, 211,435,640, was in New York, and the next greatest, 105,237,340, in Pennsylvania. In Massachusetts, 69,010,604 letters were mailed; in Illinois, 68,643,328; in Ohio, 61,464,052. The number mailed in Alaska was only 6,812, this being the minimum.

THE ferocity with which the supporters of Mr. Conkling have assailed Secretary Blaine would seem to indicate a determination to break down that distinguished party leader at any and every hazard. It is quite possible, however, that the effort will not succeed. Secretary Blaine is quite the equal of Mr. Conkling as a political strategist, and he has a following quite as numerous and devoted as the rival whose enmity he has for years successfully defied. As for the intimation that the President is likely to ask Mr. Blaine's withdrawal from the Cabinet because of his "insolent invasion of the prerogatives of the Executive office," it will probably be found to be just as unfounded as the other notion that the President is terrified by Conkling's revolt and will be glad to see him again in the Senate.

THE next political contest in Virginia promises to be one of unusual violence. The Mahone Readjusters are first in the field, and announce that they will show no mercy to the "Bourbons," while the latter declare, with equal emphasis, that they mean to make the fight just as hot and uncompromising as their bitterest opponents can desire, adding that they have no doubt at all as to their ability to carry the State. The Republicans have not as yet shown their hands, but they will probably go through the farce of nominating candidates for State offices, and then vote, for the most part, with the Readjusters. It is said that Mahone will have the assistance, in his canvass of the State, of prominent Republican speakers from the North; but it may be doubted whether reinforcements from this quarter will prove of real advantage. Virginians will probably prefer to settle their domestic questions without advice from without.

THE Chilians are evidently growing weary of the situation in Peru, whose people persist in quarreling among themselves instead of uniting upon some plan for getting rid of the invaders. The latter now threaten to occupy the country in armed force until some Gov-

ernment shall be formed by Peru on a sufficiently stable basis to initiate formal measures and negotiations tending towards peace—and a peace which will receive the national sanction. And this in all probability will be the result. In this event, the Chilians will retain under their control all the natural revenues of the country; their laws will become supreme; foreign nations will be obliged to withdraw their diplomatic representatives, since there will be no independent head with whom to treat, and Europeans and Americans residing in Peru will have to look to their Ministers in Santiago for counsel and protection. The Peruvian Congress, which was to convene on the 15th ultimo, may perhaps be able to avert, by wise and prompt action, this calamity of an indefinite military occupation by the conqueror; but the latest accounts afforded little ground for hope that it would thus prove itself equal to the demands of the crisis.

AN investigation which Secretary Windom has instituted in the Treasury Department into the management of the contingent funds promises to develop a great many irregularities in regard to the purchase of carpets and furniture for buildings. The evidence thus far taken shows that money was lavished profusely upon a large number of articles of luxury not needed in the service, and evidently intended rather for personal than for public use. It is even charged that certain Government officials have embellished their homes with articles of furniture made by the Department cabinet-maker, and paid for out of the public purse. Among the articles for which no proper explanation has yet been found were barrels of bay rum and a large quantity of Lubin's extracts. A large deficiency in the carpet account also remains unexplained. The Secretary is insisting on a thorough overhauling of the whole matter, and there is a decidedly lively flutter in consequence in certain interested circles.

THE members of the Star Route Ring have evidently hoped that recent political events would divert attention from, and possibly arrest, the investigation into their peculiar operations started by the Postmaster-General. They have already learned that this hope was fallacious. The investigation has gone right on, spite of all efforts at diversion, and enough has already been ascertained to insure several important arrests at an early day. It is believed that these will include representatives of all classes engaged in this robbery, namely, government officials, contractors, middlemen, and those who have been concerned in preparing fraudulent papers upon which some of the increase in compensation upon various routes has been based. All the lately published "revelations" seem to show that ex-Senator Dorsey, directly or indirectly, has had his finger in about every really valuable "contract" which has been made under the fraudulent system; but his resignation as secretary of the National Republican Committee has not yet been asked. Are we to conclude that that committee has had a slice of the "plunder" for political or other uses.

THE "school question" has come to the front again—this time in Philadelphia, where a Roman Catholic priest has directed his parishioners to withdraw their children from the public schools because a certain teacher, whom he had had arraigned for teaching her scholars in history the facts concerning the Reformation, has been acquitted by the school-board who investigated the case. So far, about four hundred children of Catholic parents have been withdrawn from the schools, and no provision having been made for them elsewhere, they are simply swelling the ranks of the vagrant classes on the streets. The school-board, in commenting upon the action of the priesthood, declare that "nothing is taught the children but events of history admitted by themselves to be facts. We must either, to satisfy them, omit the study of history altogether, or eliminate all incidents in it which are disagreeable for them to remember." They decline to do either, and their decision will be applauded, even by the more enlightened Catholics, as not only the natural, but the proper, outcome of the controversy. The attempt to subordinate our educational system to the prejudices or caprices of any class of religionists, wherever or however made, must be and will be resisted by all true friends of our common schools.

GENERAL GRANT's letter to Senator Jones, in reference to President Garfield's course in representing the dictation of Senatorial "bosses," has done more to injure him in public estimation than any act of his recent political life. From beginning to end the letter is unworthy of a man of dignity of character, much less of one who has enjoyed the highest honors the nation could bestow upon him. It is written from the lowest level of factional politics, and reveals a petty spite and a vulgar vanity which is at once pitiable and ludicrous. He complains savagely, for instance, of General Badeau's removal from the London consulate, not because the public service is likely to suffer thereby, but because he desired that Badeau "should be kept where his office would support him until he finishes some work he is engaged upon"—that is to say, until he completes the biography of General Grant himself! Could anything possibly be in worse taste than this? Then the references to his own candidacy for the Presidency, revealing a feeling of bitterness towards everybody who did not support him in his aspirations, how they must lower the writer in the regard of right-thinking people! General Grant would do well to stop writing letters—he must do it, indeed—if he has any lingering desire to preserve the fame which his great exploits in the field secured him.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

#### Domestic.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature will adjourn June 9th.

THE Texas Pacific is now 267 miles beyond Fort Worth.

THERE is a report that General Hurlbut will not accept the mission to Peru.

THE New York State Senate has defeated the Bill for the taxation of savings banks.

THE Michigan Assembly has passed a Bill restoring capital punishment in the State.

MRS. GARFIELD's health is so far restored that her complete recovery is no longer doubted.

TESTIMONY is again being taken in Washington in the divorce suit of ex-Senator Christianity against his wife.

MAX STRAKOSCH, the well-known operatic manager, has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

THE Grant railway contract has been approved by the Mexican Senate, and General Grant is en route for New York.

A BILL has been filed by the City Solicitor of Philadelphia to oust the ring now controlling what is known as the gas trust.

THE fifty-second anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday-school Union was celebrated May 25th, by a parade of 50,000 children.

IN the Illinois Legislature during the present session 1,135 Bills have been introduced, and thus far only 27 of them have become laws.

THREE persons were killed and twelve or more injured by an explosion of burning fluid stored in a saloon at St. Joseph, Mo., on the 23d ultimo.

THE Maryland Democratic Convention to nominate a candidate for Comptroller of the State Treasury has been called to meet at Baltimore on June 23d.

THE actual number of new buildings which have been begun in New York City since the 1st of January last is 1,145, and their cost is to be \$18,655,270.

THE Treasury has received more than two hundred and fifty million dollars (the limit set in the call) in registered fines for conversion into three and a half per cents.

PRESIDENT GONZALES has been clothed with power by the Mexican Congress to sign a contract with General Grant for the construction of the Mexican Southern Railway.

A BILL has passed the Pennsylvania Legislature providing for a pension for the veterans of the Mexican war. There are about 600 in that State, and the estimated expense is \$40,000.

THE President's mother and all the younger children will probably soon go to Mentor for the Summer. The President will take up his quarters with his two eldest sons at the Soldiers' Home.

THE thirteenth annual convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association, held in Boston last week, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton presiding, was attended by delegates from ten States.

THE International Grand Lodge of Good Templars met at Topeka, Kansas, last week. There are seventy-eight grand lodges and 310,145 members. The next session will be held at Charleston.

IT is estimated that the recent operations of Secretary Windom in continuing the five and six per cent. bonds at 3½ per cent. will result in a saving of yearly interest of about ten million dollars.

THE gross earnings of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for the year ending with April last were \$4,402,647.75, and the net earnings \$1,299,942.61, being an increase upon those of the previous year of \$779,881.

THE window-glass manufacturers in Pittsburgh have unanimously decided to close their works for the Summer. It is probable a reduction in wages will be made during the vacation, which may cause a still further extension.

THE Eighth Annual General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church was held in New York City last week. The attendance was large and delegates were present from the principal cities of the United States, Canada and the West Indies.

THE investigation into the Star Route frauds is continued with earnestness by the Post-office authorities, who expect soon to have ready for presentation to the Attorney-general evidence that will warrant that officer in asking for the action of the courts.

AT a session of the Southern Presbyterian General Assembly in Staunton, Va., last week, a resolution was adopted setting forth the duty of the Assembly to put an end to the divinity students attending Northern institutions instead of Union and Columbia seminaries.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made at the Indian Office to effect the removal of about seventy of the North Carolina Cherokees to the Indian Territory. This is the first step towards the removal of the entire tribe of North Carolina Cherokees, numbering about 2,000, to that Territory.

LAST Thursday (May 26th), was memorial day in Richmond, Va., and the graves of the Confederate dead at Holyrood Cemetery were decorated. The Boston Commandery, Knights Templar, visiting in that city, marched to Capitol Square, and did honor to the statue of Stonewall Jackson.

#### Foreign.

ADELINA PATTI will sail from Liverpool for New York October 22d.

THE Mormon missionaries who have been trying to make proselytes in Germany are to be expelled the country.

A BELGRADE newspaper announces that Prince Milan will probably be crowned King of Serbia in August next, in accordance with an agreement with Austria.

A NEW coin is being struck in France for presentation to the Monetary Conference on its reassembling. It is composed of gold and silver in equal proportions, and is to circulate as a five-franc piece.

THE first electric railway, now working in the vicinity of Berlin, is so satisfactory that a second is projected, to run to another district of the suburbs. The cost of construction is only \$37,500 per kilometre.

THE Henley regatta committee have barred out the Cornell crew on the ground that they have not complied with a new rule providing that foreign entries shall be made by March 1st and accompanied with a notarial certificate as to the standing of the crew.

THE result of the elections in Denmark is viewed with alarm in some quarters, as it is feared it may lead to a suspension of the Constitution. The King dissolved the Lower House on the ground that it was either incapable or unwilling to carry useful measures, but the old members are returned again.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 251.



RUSSIA.—CONSECRATION OF THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL WHERE THE EMPEROR WAS KILLED.



THE TRANSVAAL.—PRESIDENT BRAND'S ARRIVAL AT LAING'S NECK AFTER THE PEACE.



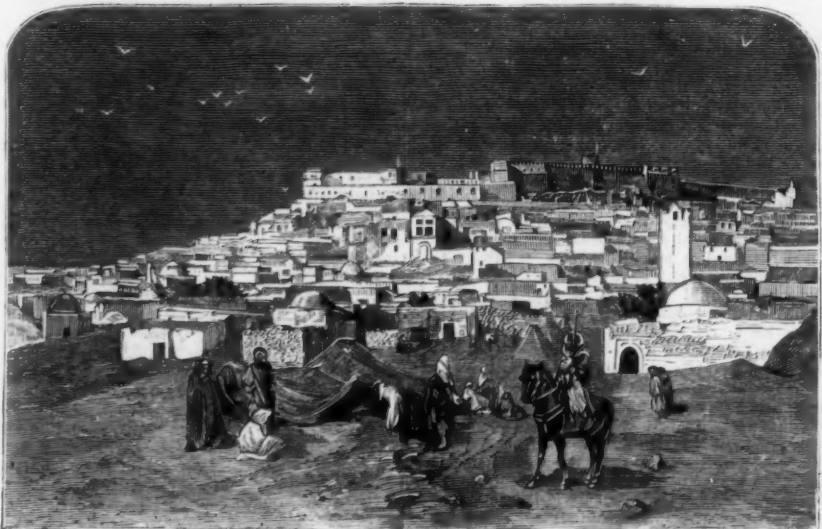
AFRICA.—FRENCH PICKETS WATCHING KROUMIR SIGNAL FIRES.



AFRICA.—A REVIEW OF TUNISIAN TROOPS AT THE BARDO CAMP.



RUSSIA.—GATSCHINA CASTLE, RESIDENCE OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

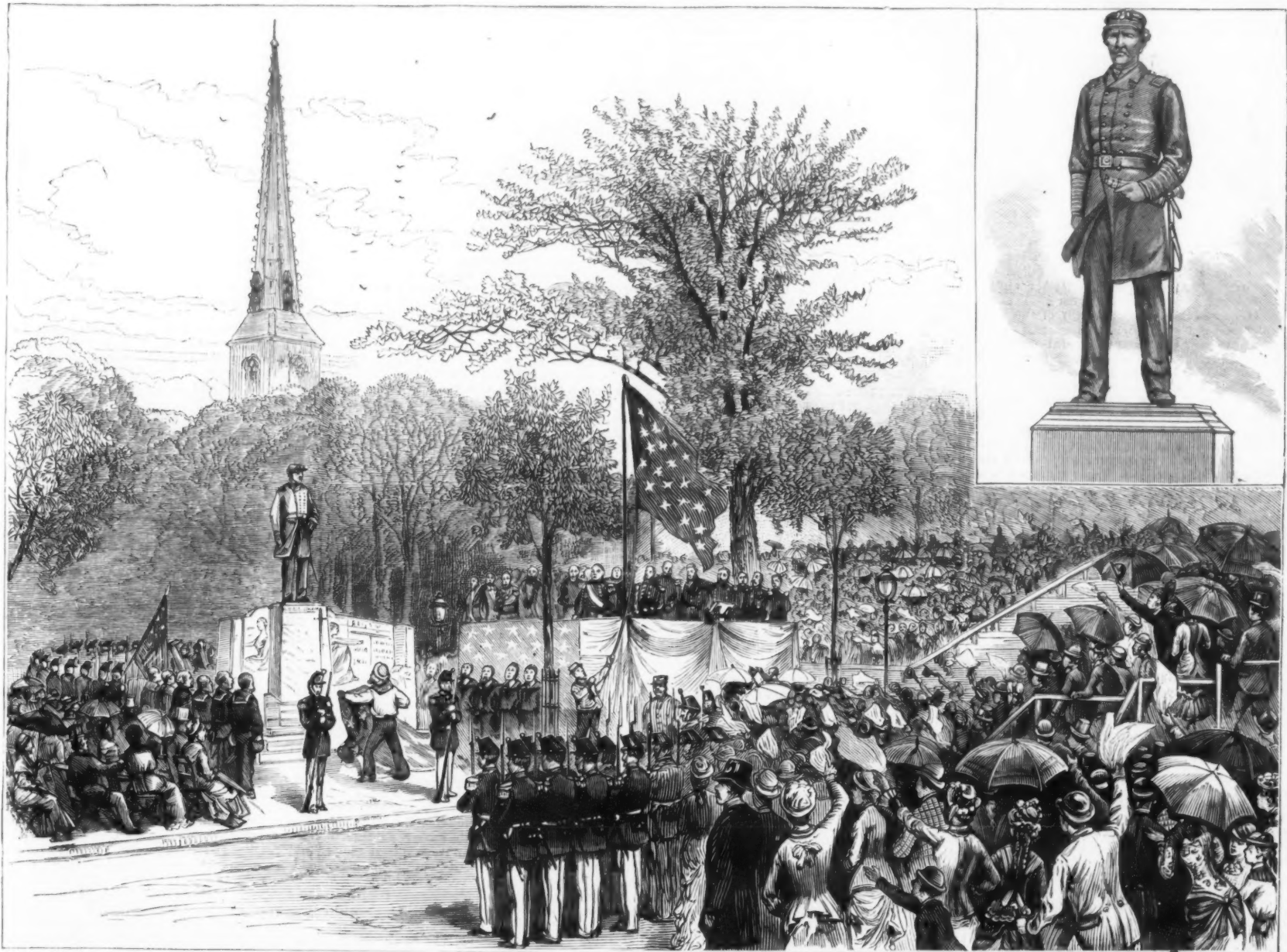


AFRICA.—THE CITY OF KEF, TUNIS, OCCUPIED BY THE FRENCH, APRIL 26TH.

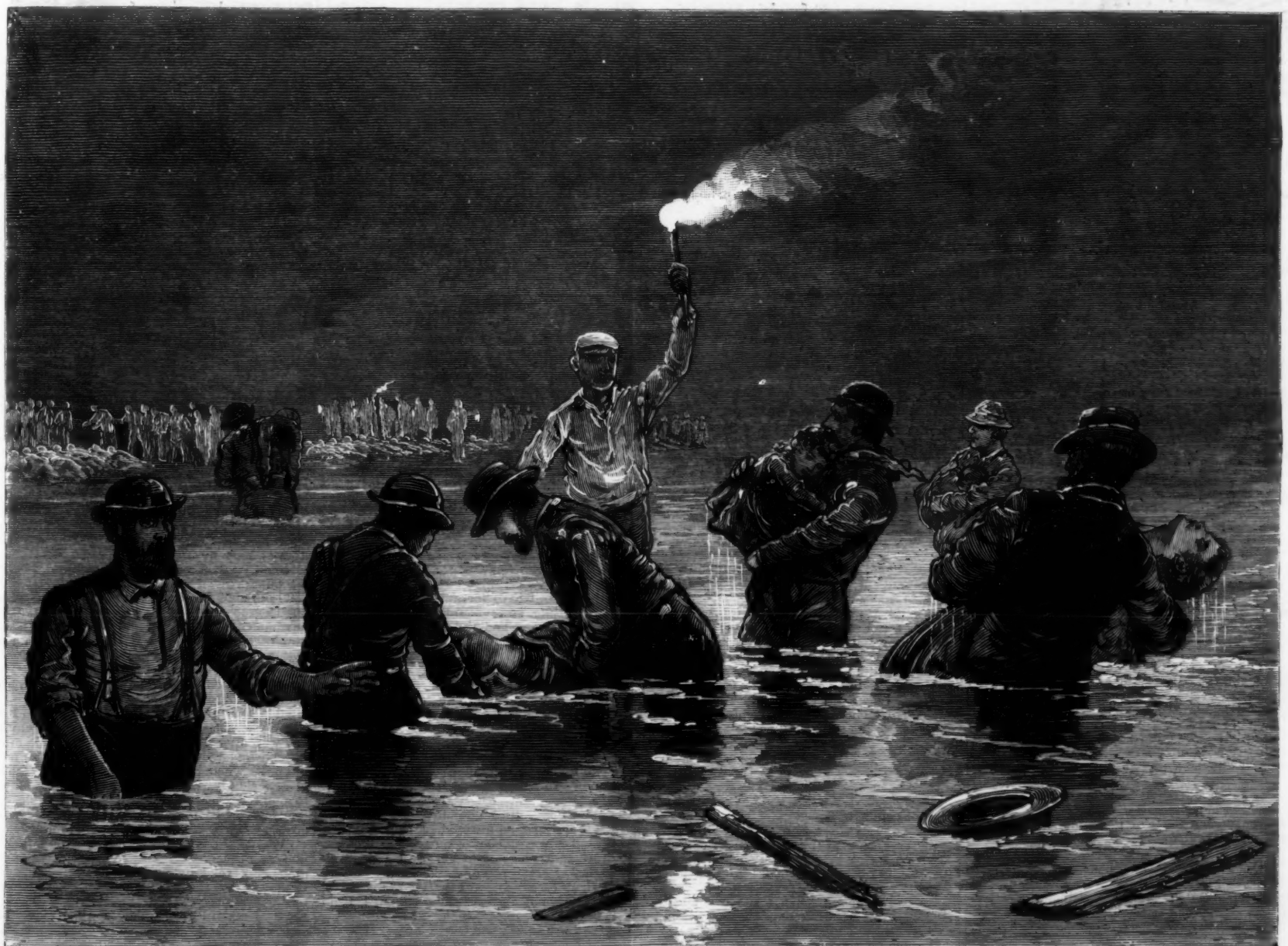


ITALY.—THE MUSEUM OF ARMS IN THE MILAN EXPOSITION.





NEW YORK CITY.—UNVAILING A BRONZE STATUE TO THE MEMORY OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, MADISON SQUARE, MAY 25TH.—SEE PAGE 251.



CANADA.—THE TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER NEAR LONDON, ONT.—SEARCHING FOR BODIES BY TORCHLIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES STEPHENSON.—SEE PAGE 251.



## THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

**A**BURNING Summer day; a dazzling, blazing, scorching sky, cloudless and almost colorless; a long, wide stretch of level sand, dry, shining reeds and the white waters of the bay; a white dust road, and one high, bare, narrow house, towards which the rattling stage-coach pursued its noisy, laggard way. We had come upon this scene at high noon after a journey of hours. My mother and sisters were still discussing the incidents of that journey, and the prospect of enjoyment at its close; but I, the youngest of the party, squeezed into a corner and left to my dreaming fancies, sat silent and motionless, watching the slow unfolding of the shining horizon. I was but a child, but I know now I had the keen perceptions and the capacity for suffering belonging to thrice my years. I could shudder even then at the thought of the days going by amid such surroundings, and felt a sudden vague, oppressive, fearful certainty that into my life there would some time fall a rending blow that would leave me desolate and forlorn as this barren scene.

"And then," I said, within myself, leaning far out to watch the ghost-like house—"then I shall come here to suffer. I know it."

"Madeline," said my mother, "sit up properly. And do, I beg of you, keep out of the sun as much as possible. You are tanned now until you are perfectly unrepresentable."

I obeyed, and lowered my veil over the burning blushes I felt consuming me. If my mother had known the foolish fears and prophetic horrors to which I was yielding when she spoke! My mother, so sensible and so self-controlled, to whom I was a thorn in the flesh never forgotten in her most comfortable moments!

But, in truth, the weird scene and the lonely house had taken a strange hold upon me. I finished my visit to Aunt Maria before the others, and went back to school. I threw myself with more than usual eagerness and interest into the studies and recreations of that little world, and heard, with pleasure greater than its cause warranted, that I was growing "like other girls." All the time—in the dead of night, in the twilight, in any hour of physical or mental depression—I suffered agonies in the haunting horror of that scene, and the ever-deepening presentiment that some day I was to return to it, and find it my only shelter during a bitter season of trial. With the knowledge of cause and effect added years have brought, I think there must have been a dream close following that wearisome journey into which was woven its nightmare panorama. All unnoticed and forgotten, it had its effect upon me, and the boundaries between sleeping and waking life became confused and indistinct, until I fancied the reality more terrible than I had found it. Be that as it may, I tell only the truth when I say that I lived in terror of a future linked with that house for months and months after I had passed it for the first and only time.

We were a large family—brothers, sisters and cousins closely linked in the intercourse of one common home. My father had been one of three, a sister and two brothers. The others dying nearly together, and leaving families unprotected, though well provided, my father's doors were thrown open to them, and his warm heart at their disposal. We lived in a large, old-fashioned house, far from any city, thus necessitating the scattering of the brood as long as our education was incomplete. By the time I had "finished" and was ready for Society, the older girls had gathered around them a large and varied circle of acquaintances and admirers, and the boys—seven in all—came home at intervals from business, college and professional beginnings, with friends and patrons of all ages and styles, sure of a hearty welcome and "a good time" at Waveland. The little oddities of a nervous, fanciful childhood and girlhood wore away in no genial an atmosphere, and I ceased to dream of future horrors in the full enjoyment of a happy present.

The other girls were pretty, very pretty, all of them. The Burnside Latimers—as my uncle's children were distinguished—were also wealthy, and soon grew to understand the art of dressing exquisitely, as moneyed girls alone can. Aunt Marston's Clara and Mary were witty, brilliant, lovable creatures, to whom riches were neither necessary nor objectionable—every one valued them for themselves. Amelia and Kathie, my sisters, were by far the fairest, and, I must say, the least interesting of the party. They all, however, had lovers by the score—all except me. I soon found myself "the one left out," and by degrees easily and happily fell into a life of books and thought, from which I made erratic excursions into the world of Society, exactly when and as it pleased me. I was very, very happy and contented. I might have gone on so until now but for my Cousin Palethrope's accident.

Palethrope Latimer was my uncle's eldest son, and the only one of all the many children who had ever given my father any anxiety. He was a handsome, dashing, decidedly naughty young fellow—getting into debt and out of good company with the greatest ease imaginable. With many delays and many fresh starts, he had pulled through college and commenced the study of medicine, commenced the study of the law, commenced business, commenced literature as a profession, and, finally, gone back to the study of medicine. He was long since his own master, and freed from my father's supervision, but his home was at Waveland, and his heart's best with us. To my father, therefore, came the following telegram one Autumn morning:

"HENRY LATIMER, ESQ.—Palethrope dangerously hurt—rail-shooting. Ball's Landing. Beach House. —W. DELANEY."

"Confound the fellow!" exclaimed my father, in a hot rage of excitement and anxiety. "And just at this time, too, when I

am laid by with my gout! Mamma, here, get yourself ready, and start for Ball's Landing! Palethrope has done the business this time!"

"Oh, Henry!" cried my mother. "Oh, the poor dear fellow! But you know I cannot leave you. What—what shall we do? There is not one of the boys near enough to send for, either."

I had run over the case in my mind, as soon as I had read the message, which I had taken in. His sisters were absent in the Far West with their mother's relations; the boys were all away, plunged deep into business; Amelia and Kathie were utterly useless in any emergency; Clara Marston had not the strength requisite for a hurried and agitating journey—there remained Mary Marston and myself.

"There is no one to go, but Mary or me," I said, as my mother ceased speaking.

"Mary is out of the question," said my father, hastily. "She is half in love with the scamp now, and, if he knew his own mind, he is more than half in love with her. I will not run any risks between them. You must go, Maddie, and I'll send Jack down, as soon as I can get him word. Morton will go with you—and be off at once!"

In less than an hour I was off, I knew not whither. Morton, my father's head-man and right hand in business and family affairs, had the route carefully mapped out. We reached Philadelphia late that night, went to a hotel, and early next morning took the boat and started down the river. It was a warm, still day in September. The river flowed, deep and silent, between low green banks and wide meadows. The country was thickly settled, at first, and the smoke of huge buildings, carefully built, neatly finished, and surrounded with comfortable little homes, formed a far different accessory to the scene from the usual idea of a manufacturing district. Gradually the face of the country changed. As the day wore on to noon the river widened, the houses became fewer, the smoking chimneys entirely disappeared, and long, level lines of swaying reeds stretched southward before us, with no sign of life. At high noon, exactly, we came to a stop alongside of a narrow pier, reaching far out into the head of the bay. A great building, with row upon row of wide porches, stood alone upon the sands at the upper end.

"Ball's Landing, Miss Maddie," said Morton, in his quiet way. "Go ashore here. Come on!" I followed him, and we walked in silence up the long narrow plank. Morton never talked to any one except my father, and we were usually shy of asking him questions to which the answers were most uncertain. Now, however, I put the inquiry which had risen again and again to my lips during our journey together.

"Who is W. Delaney, Morton?"

"Never heard of him before. Some fool. No good, or he wouldn't be with Pale. Here we are. Wait. Get a carriage here."

In the course of time we did get a carriage, and started down the coast. The drive was not a long one. The day was warm for the season, the sky cloudless and pale, the long wide sands and shining reeds stretched on and on before us, until there rose upon our view one high, bare, narrow house. It stood with its back to the bay, separated from the dusty road by a narrow strip of ragged weeds, inclosed by a white paled fence. It had once been painted a dull gray brown, but the winds and the fogs and the sun had tempered the color to a ghostlike shadow of itself. The angular rigid windows were shutterless and curtainless, the front door was unprotected by trellis or porch, unprovided with a step, and without a path. Not a tree or shrub or plant had ever parted the dry crust of the barren earth. Nothing could grow there save the coarse, gray, inland blown sea grasses. It was indeed horrible.

"Beach House," said Morton. "Not much of a place"—with a sniff.

My heart sank within me. I knew it well. Too surely had my fears foreboded truth. Some evil fate had linked me with that house.

The carriage stopped in the dusty road before the white-paled gate, and Morton hurried me out, put me inside the gate, and dismissed the driver in his own queer, curt way. Then he joined me at the rickety door, and knocked softly. A rough, half-grown boy opened the door a crack and peeped out. With an expression of utter, blank surprise, he instantly set it wide and exclaimed: "Mr. Delaney, here's a woman!"

"And a man, simpleton!" added Morton, coolly stepping into the bare room thus opened for our inspection. "Where is the sick man? Is he dead?"

"You have come from Mr. Latimer to his nephew?" asked a deep voice, from some spot I could not see, as I waited still without. "He is living, but no better. I—"

A sudden pause. I looked up. A slight, youthful figure, in a rough working dress, and having the face shaded by a wide, coarse straw hat, had advanced towards Morton and caught sight of me. Amazement and confusion were so evident in every line of motionless surprise, that I was ready to turn my back on Beach House and walk straight on, without stopping, to the end of the world.

"Mr. Latimer could not come himself; sent his daughter. I am Morton Broom, and can act for him—just as good as he is, times like this. Come in, Miss Maddie."

The stranger instantly stepped forward and received me with the quiet ease of a gentleman. "The quarters are rough, Miss Latimer, but their best is at your disposal. Be seated. Your arrival will be a great delight to your cousin. In his few moments of consciousness he frets greatly for his family."

He had removed his hat and stood before me, carrying it unconsciously and gracefully, as a gentleman only can. He was very pale and worn-looking, with sad lines of care and thought about his delicate lips and melancholy eyes. In an instant I had read a story of changed fortunes and darkened hopes. If this

was "W. Delaney," he was neither "a fool" nor "no good."

It was Mr. Delaney. He turned to Morton, and told him in a few words the history of the accident and the progress of the wound. Palethrope had come down there from the Landing and gone out shooting with a party of half-drunken roughs. In some scuffle on the too crowded boat a gun had gone off, with results that frightened them sober. They had brought him hurriedly to the beach, applied to Mr. Delaney, and as hurriedly departed.

"I have had everything done that is possible," said Mr. Delaney; "but I live alone here, and it was some time before I could get the help I needed. I sent at once for his friends. Miss Latimer must pardon the deficiencies of a—lonely man's poor home."

He had not finished the sentence as he intended, I was sure. Morton and I rose and passed into the inner room where Palethrope was, as he led us. My poor cousin was sadly shattered, and lay like death upon his pillow. The room was bare and desolate enough, yet evidently Mr. Delaney's own, for certain elegant and costly toilet articles and men's belongings lay on the rough pine table or hung upon the broken wall. I found myself asking at every turn, what was the story hidden away in this haunted house of my childhood? I do not exaggerate or draw upon after-impressions. There are minds quick to glean from trifles, instantaneous in their adoption of certain lives that cross their own. Mine is one of them. Had I never seen Mr. Delaney after that half-hour, he would have claimed thought, sympathy, faithful and changeless interest in his past and future.

That was certainly the strangest and most unreal day of all my life. The house was almost perfectly bare, there was no woman near at hand, and the specimen John produced towards nightfall struck cold upon my senses and my heart, disturbed and anxious as I was. Palethrope awoke to partial consciousness in the dusk of evening, and was so glad to have me, so broken down and pitiful, that I could not but rejoice to be there. Mr. Delaney came and went, saying little, but watching closely over my comfort, with a quiet regret at his inability to do more for it, that spoke his hopelessly forlorn condition. At a late hour I lay down upon a pallet in an empty room up-stairs looking towards the moonlit sea. Twice in the night, when I approached the window for air, I saw him pacing the sands, bare-headed, and once he paused and, looking heavenward, threw up his clasped hands with a gesture of such imploring agony my very heart stood still in the earnestness of its supplication for him. When we met the next day, he read in my face some inkling of the interest I felt, and did not resent it. Over my cousin's sick-bed the bond of wordless and trusting sympathy was formed within twenty-four hours.

There is no need for many words about it. The only mystery of my story was the early and unaccountable dread connected with this house, to this day unexplained. Of course, I learned to love Will Delaney, and equally, of course, he loved me. The romances of books would never be written if the romances of life did not precede them. Meeting as we did in the close intimacy of a sick room, dependent upon him as I was, trusting me as he did, because he knew me worthy of it, and ready for it, our advance into the unknown land was rapid. Before Jack and my mother arrived, I had ceased to care for anything on earth outside of that level horizon, and to thrill with unspeakable delight and a rush of wonderful sweet tenderness whenever that dear voice broke the still repose of our wave-washed quiet. Yet, he had never spoken to me one word of love, nor did I know aught of his history. Both came soon enough. Jack and my mother arrived at nightfall one week after Morton and I had established ourselves. And in ten minutes I knew Jack was "in a fume."

"Here, Maddie, I want you," he said, when we were leaving Palethrope's room. I followed him out into the strip of yard, out of the paled gate, across the dusty level of wild grasses, until we were far enough from the house and sea to speak unheard.

"Do you mean to tell me you have been here a week, with no one except Morton?" he asked, abruptly.

"There is a woman, Jack."

"A woman! Heavens and earth! And Will Delaney!"

"Mr. Delaney," I exclaimed, sharply, "is all a gentleman can be. I was as safe with him as with you."

"Were you, indeed! Pity his wife had not thought so."

"His wife?" I gasped.

"Of course. I don't you know? No, you don't know, I am sure, out in those wilds! Yes, his wife, whose fortune he spent, whose heart he broke, and whom he threatened with such violence she had to leave him. I would have given a thousand dollars if this had not happened!"

"What is he doing here?" I asked, mechanically.

"Starving, I should judge. He has lost everything, and no one who knows him will give him a helping hand. Poor fellow! He is changed, that's a fact."

"Did Palethrope know him?"

"No, I should think not. Pale is a Philadelphian; Delaney belongs to New York, and he has been out of Society these five years. I thought he was dead, upon my word!"

"Maddie!" called my mother from the door. I turned and walked towards her. Jack remained, slowly pacing to and fro.

Late that night, after I had seen my mother fall asleep on a companion pallet in my room, when Jack's deep breathing sounded from across the entry, and Morton was keeping his last watch beside Palethrope before leaving in the morning boat, I stole out at the back-door, and hurried down to the beach. I felt that I must—I must be alone with the misery Jack's words had brought upon me. He was

married—he was lost to me! In loving him now I was a guilty wretch; and yet how could I unlearn my lesson? Oh, that night beside the moaning waves, under the pale, cold stars! Into the very midst of my grief fell the deep, soft voice:

"Madeline, I have come to seek you. Oh, my darling, spare me this! Do not let me see you suffer also!"

I sprang to my feet. Mr. Delaney stood near me, bareheaded, pale, even in the dim starlight, his arms close locked upon his breast, as though he forced himself to let me stand alone. It was the first time I had seen him since Jack's arrival, and now it flashed upon me as strange that he knew of my absence from the house, and spoke to me so confidently of my grief. In a moment he answered my unspoken thought.

"Your brother knew me at once. He has told you all—the world knows," he added, bitterly.

"Oh, tell me!" I cried, reaching out my hand to him—"tell me it is not true! You are not married—you are not cruel, and mean and cowardly?"

He started and half-uttered a curse, but checked himself.

"Yes," he answered, with terrible calmness—"yes, I am married! For the rest—Oh, Madeline, I am a deeply-wronged and most unhappy man!"

He covered his face with his hands. But all my sorrow took wings upon the instant. I looked up to the pure stars and exulted in their light.

"Mr. Delaney," I said, going close to him, and laying my hand on his arm. "I shall not suffer now. Say good-by to me here. I must go home with Morton to-morrow. But it will not be for ever. There is the life beyond, if we are separated for all time. I will believe nothing. I will trust everything. Bid me 'God-speed,' and let me go!"

He laid his hand on mine, and I felt him tremble. But in a moment he looked up calmly.

"Good-by," he said. "I shall have a memory in my forlorn home, and that is more than I thought God held for me. Some day, when I am dead, perhaps, come back here and think of me as the loneliest, the saddest, the most accursed of men. Good-by. It is best to hope we may never stand face to face again."

He was gone. I went back to the house and crept into my bed, and wondered how I should live out my appointed time. So few the words, so short the time needed to blot out the past and future and darken the present with a shadow from the hopeless abyss!

The next morning, with a word from Jack to my mother, I was sent home. Palethrope's recovery was most tedious, and it was late in November before the link was broken between us and the Beach House. Every one spoke guardedly in Mr. Delaney's praise save Palethrope, and I think he was dearer to me than all the rest together because of his grateful and faithful remembrance. Little by little—here and there, now from a visitor, now during an absence from home—I learned the pitiful story of ill-mated married life. The world blamed him greatly. Once I saw her, and wondered at its blindness. So fair, so false, so cruel, so weak she looked to me, remembering the barren life beside the sea, where her work went on to its dire end.

No! There is justice on earth and in heaven. One day Jack came to me.

"Maddie," he said, hurrying me aside from the gay crowd gathering round him with a chorus of welcome, "see here. How long will it take you to get ready to go back with me? Will Delaney wants you. Poor fellow! he's dying, and it seems he has set his heart on your nursing, because he saw you with Pale. He had such a terrible time. I could not refuse him. You see, I know him pretty well now, and you are such a jolly old girl, there's no fear of any sort of row, you know."

"Jack, don't!" I said, faintly.

"Eh! Hullo! By George!"

He stared at me in amazement. Then, suddenly coming back to his cool self-possession: "Well, all right! She's dead, you know. Now, I'll make it all right with the parents, if you care to go. I promised him I would bring you."

"Oh, thank you! I will get ready. Come to my room as soon as you can. Tell them I must go—nothing can stop me."

They did not attempt it, Jack did his work so well. My father accompanied me when, for the third time, I came within sight of the desolate house to which my fate had led me. Several people were hanging wistfully around the door, and a strange and pitiful air of expectancy added a new life to the scene. We passed in silently. A gentle-looking woman met us in the outer room.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "He has been looking for you all day, and it seemed hard he should die all alone—with no one near him of his own people, I mean. He's made friends enough here, I am sure."

"Is the end so near?" asked my father.

"He cannot last much longer. But he's been going a long time, and so patient!"

I left my father's arm, and walked into the well-remembered room. He lay there alone and watching the door. Such a light came into those wonderful gray eyes! Such peace fell upon the wasted countenance! He moved his arms feebly towards me, and I fell down helpless on my knees at his side. My father closed the door and left me alone with my heart's desire.

From that day to this I have never left the house on the beach. I am here alone. It is mine—my very own, given me on my marriage-day by the dying hand, the stiffening lips, of my precious husband. Out of all the years of my life I have gathered but one blossom, and its root is here, in this barren earth. The sorrow I dreamed not of has come upon me, and it is not all pain. And my comfort has found me out in this spot. The record of his lonely, patient, toiling years, the hardships



of a lot once so favored, the good deeds, and the kindly thought for others—all are known here. The man I loved had nothing in common with the gay young husband, the mad-dened, deceived and ruined man who fled here for refuge from his first disgrace and life-long shame. Purified, he was given to me to crown my life, and in the spot he hallowed for me I await him. I even rejoice in the thought that long ago I was thought worthy to suffer for him and with him, that the shadow of this dark, but blessed Angel of Sorrow fell on my very childhood from the watching heavens, and marked the very spot for me, although I failed to read the message of the seal. Beautiful and blessed are the days that go by me in the high, bare, narrow house upon the barren beach!

#### DECORATION DAY.

IT is a significant proof of the popular appreciation of the results of the war of the rebellion that the advancing years deepen and intensify, instead of diminishing, the general respect and veneration for the memory of the dead who died for the nation. Decoration Day has become almost as truly a national anniversary as Independence Day, and as time obliterates the resentments and prejudices of the period of internecine conflict, we cannot doubt that the festival will come to wear a pathos and beauty, and challenge a universal observance, which will make it chief among our national memorial days. The graves where our dead repose will become altars at which coming generations will offer sacrifices of thanksgiving for a republic saved and the heroism and valor which made lustrous and sublime the struggle for its rescue.

The observance of this year's Decoration Day, just passed, was marked in all parts of the country by exceptionally patriotic demonstrations. In New York City the arrangements were more comprehensive than ever before. The military parade was brilliant and attractive, and the memorial ceremonies at the Academy of Music were at once notable for the high character of the leading participants and the interest in the programme as a whole. One of the Posts, Reno No. 44, carried in the procession the flags borne by the New York Volunteers in the Mexican War, and also the flags used at the inauguration of President Washington in this city. These flags have been locked up in the Governor's Room at the City Hall for some years, their existence being known to few persons, and they have never been carried at any parade since they were turned over to the city. Another flag, a pine-tree flag, presented by the ladies of Boston to the First Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, in the days of the Revolution, was borne at the head of the column, the first time that it has been carried in a parade since the revolutionary days. A flag presented by Lafayette on the part of France to the people of America at the election of Louis Philippe as Citizen King of the French, and fifteen battle-flags of this country used in the last war, were carried by Post Lafayette No. 140. The decoration of graves in the cemeteries and of the statues of prominent officers of the war to whom memorial shafts have been raised was universal. In other cities the recognition of the day was characterized by the same display of public interest. An unusual and pleasant incident of the day's observance was the visit of George Washington Post No. 103 of the Grand Army of the Republic to Mount Vernon, and the decoration of the tomb of Washington. This Post is composed largely of prominent officers and ex-officers of the army and navy. The Post left New York on the evening of May 29th, and reached Mount Vernon at noon on the 30th. The announcement of the proposed visit attracted a large number of strangers to the sacred spot. The members of the Post, of which General M. T. McMahon is commander, were laden with wreaths and other floral tributes for the decoration of the grave of the Father of his Country, and the ceremonies were of the highest interest throughout.

Our illustration "Twenty Years After" depicts a scene which was witnessed in hundreds of places on Decoration Day. A veteran of the war points out to a young companion the grave of one of the first of the martyrs of the war, over which friendly hands are strewing the blossoms of Spring. The picture tells its own story with a simple eloquence which no mere words can equal.

#### THE FARRAGUT STATUE IN MADISON SQUARE.

THE bronze statue to the memory of Admiral Farragut, at Madison Square, was publicly unveiled on Wednesday afternoon, May 25th, with becoming ceremonies. The procession appeared near the spot at four o'clock. It was headed by a detachment of mounted police, immediately followed by General Lloyd Aspinwall, chief marshal, and Lieutenant-Commander Goringe, chief assistant-marshal. Next came the aids, Captain John S. Wharton, U.S.N.; Lieutenant G. A. Calhoun, U.S.N.; Major William L. Skidmore; Lieutenant R. N. G. Brown, U.S.N.; the assistant marshals, Generals John Cochrane, Horace Russell, Stewart L. Woodford and John B. Woodward, and Commander A. S. Stephenson and other aids. Following the band of the First Artillery, U.S.A., the Howitzer Battery from the Navy Yard, a boatswain and four mates from the Navy Yard and a detachment of twenty-four sailors in uniform, came, as a mounted escort to the Secretary of the Navy; General Shaler and staff, Brigadier-General William G. Ward, commanding the First Brigade, and staff; field and staff officers of the First Brigade; Brigadier-General Varian, commanding the Third Brigade, and staff; field and staff officers of the Third Brigade; Major-General James Jordan, commanding the Second Division, and staff; Brigadier-General C. T. Christensen, commanding the Fifth Brigade, and staff; field and staff officers of the Fifth Brigade; Brigadier-General E. L. Moliniaux, commanding the Eleventh Brigade; field and staff officers of the Eleventh Brigade; Brigadier-General Plume, commanding the First Brigade, N.G.S.N.J., and the field and staff officers of this brigade. Then came a line of carriages. The first contained William M. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy, Mayor Grace, and others. In other carriages were the Park Commissioners, General Hancock and other army and navy officers, and officers of the Farragut Association. William M. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy, made the presentation address, and Mayor Grace responded in behalf of the City. The principal address was made by Joseph H. Choate.

The statue is the work of an American artist of French origin, Mr. Saint-Gaudens, and was exhibited in the last Paris Salon. It is of bronze, and weighs about 3,000 pounds. The statue of the naval hero is nine feet high, and the height of the pedestal is nine feet also. Attached to each side of this pedestal is a wing of blue stone, the two wings and the front of the pedestal forming a semicircle sixteen feet in diameter and showing bas-relief figures of Loyalty and Courage, together with inscriptions, the latter composed by Mr. Richard Grant White. Loyalty is a woman in a sitting posture, her left hand grasping a scroll, her right hand resting upon her knee. Near her is an inscription which explains why the statue was erected. Courage, another feminine figure, appears on the left wing, and near her the following inscription: "Born near Knoxville, Tenn.,

July 5th, 1810; Midshipman, December 17th, 1811; Battle of Essex and Phoebe, March 28th, 1814; Acting Lieutenant, 1819; Lieutenant, January 23d, 1825; Commander, September 9th, 1841; Captain, September 14th, 1855; Battle of New Orleans, April 25th, 1862; Rear-Admiral, July 16th, 1862; Battle of Mobile Bay, August 5th, 1864; Vice-Admiral, December 23d, 1864; First Admiral of the United States of America, July 26th, 1864. Died at Portsmouth, N.H., August 14th, 1870." The figure of the Admiral himself—a naval commander standing on the deck of his ship—has already received protestations of warm admiration from critics who usually know what they are talking about. Farragut's eyes are peering into the distance in front of his vessel, and in his left hand, resting against his breast, is a pair of field-glasses. The clinched fist of the right arm hangs by his side; the pose is firm and natural, and the uniform is that prescribed by Congress for the first Admiral in the United States Navy—a double-breasted frock-coat with straps on the shoulders and three wide stripes on the sleeves. The sword hangs at the left side from a belt, on the buckle of which is an eagle encircled by a wreath. Beneath the statue are cut the words, "David Glasgow Farragut."

#### A TERRIBLE CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

ON the evening of Tuesday, May 24th, as the steamboat *Victoria*—which had taken some 600 persons on an excursion in celebration of the Queen's birthday—was returning from Spring Bank, and when near the Cove Railway Bridge, one mile below London, Ontario, it suddenly capsized. All the passengers were either plunged into the water or wedged in the debris caused by the slipping away of the main deck. The ill-fated steamer was 80 feet long and 32 feet wide, depth of hold 3 feet 10 inches. She was built to carry 400 passengers, but frequently took from 600 to 800. The number on board when the disaster occurred was supposed to be 600 or 700. One survivor says the people were standing on both decks as thickly together as a man's fingers. The lower deck shipped water frequently by the heavy freight upon it, causing the people to shift their positions. The oscillation became so great as to dislodge the sixty-horse-power boiler which sat upon the main deck unsecured, and it slid over the side, carrying away the supports of the upper deck and letting it fall upon the crowd below, as well as shoving those overhead into the water.

The scene that followed baffles description. All were struggling together in one heterogeneous mass of humanity. There was a crash, a general shriek, and nearly all were immersed. A silence as of the grave followed. Gradually one after another rose, passing to the surface, and the more thoughtful at once set to work to rescue the people. But despite all exertions over 250 persons fell victims. The work of taking up the bodies went on all night and on Wednesday, and in the afternoon the interment of the dead began.

The Council met at once and gave authority to the Mayor to deal with all cases of distress and use discretion. Votes of condolence and sympathy were passed. An inquest was begun on Wednesday afternoon, and then adjourned till Friday. A solemn service was held in the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Friday. Thursday was observed as a day of public mourning. The whole scene included some of the leading citizens, as well as the humblest.

Later accounts say that after the lurch the side of the boat sank in the water to the depth of one or two feet, and while the crowds on the lower deck were struggling to save themselves from slipping down into the river, the stanchions supporting the upper decks suddenly gave way, and the whole structure, with its load of human beings, came down on those who were below, crushing them on the deck and rendering escape impossible. The boat continued to settle on its side deeper into the water, taking with it many of the passengers who were stunned by the fall of the upper deck, and were therefore unable to help themselves. Scores sank into the water without consciousness of their fate, while many others, who were precipitated into the river unharmed, rent the air with their vain appeals for that succor which those of the passengers who were safe were powerless to extend to all in a moment. The utmost exertions were put forth to rescue as many of the drowning as possible, and many were in this way saved from a watery grave. As soon as possible help was secured, and the work of recovering the bodies from the wreck was proceeded with. The bodies were placed on the steamboat *Prince Louise* as fast as they were taken up, and the watermen were taken to the shore, where the task of identification began. The accident occurred at about a quarter past six, and it was midnight before the bodies so far recovered were brought back to the city. Then a most heart-rending scene ensued. The bodies, as fast as they were transferred from the steamer, were laid out in rows on the grass by the roadside, all in their holiday attire, and, with the aid of torches, the faces were eagerly scanned by hundreds of anxious friends looking for their missing ones.

When the water was let off by the removal of the plash-boards search was continued for those under the lower deck, and twenty-two more bodies were brought to the surface, making 258 in all recovered.

On Wednesday evening a field-battery was called out for the purpose of blowing up the boiler, under which there are supposed to be several more bodies. On Thursday intense gloom prevailed in the city. From an early hour the bells were tolled, and funeral processions were passing through every street. All the places of business were closed, and a Sunday stillness settled upon the city. No one speaks, or seems to think of anything else than the great calamity, and it has had a paralyzing effect upon all classes of the citizens. It has been decided to erect a memorial monument in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. At the same time would one walk a block without meeting some solemn procession. Every kind of coffin was in use, and the dead were being conveyed to the burial-places in every class of vehicles. Men could scarcely speak to each other without breaking down. The scenes in the afflicted households were heartrending in the extreme. The clergymen, who worked nobly all through, became worn out, and could not reach the graves fast enough. In many cases the members of different families were put in one grave. The various societies were on hand, doing their utmost to facilitate the burials.

Mr. Parish, manager of the company, states that the accident was the result of overloading the vessel. The vessel, which cost about \$35,000, is a total wreck and good for nothing. The *Victoria* had a gross tonnage of forty-four tons; registered tonnage, twenty-eight tons. She was registered on June 21st, 1880, in the name of Jane Ann Wastie, and was mortgaged to Mr. Parish, manager of the Thames Navigation Company.

The official papers bearing on the inspection of the steamer *Victoria* have been forwarded to Ottawa by Samuel Risley, Government steamboat inspector, of Toronto. Mr. Risley regarded the *Victoria* as a safe boat for river traffic. She was inspected twice last year—once in May and once in October.

#### The Fruit Trade of New York.

THE fruit trade of New York has attained proportions which are scarcely appreciated by the general public. A report just issued shows that during the year 1880 the importation of Mediterranean fruit consisted of 105 cargoes brought by steamers and nineteen cargoes by sailing vessels, and comprised 614,738 boxes and cases of oranges and 840,149 boxes of lemons. Of grapes 11,954 barrels and 10,466 half

barrels were imported at a loss of 30 per cent. The importations from the West Indies consisted of seventeen cargoes and several part cargoes by sailing vessels, and 75,267 barrels of oranges by ninety-three steamers. These were imported at a loss of 37½ per cent. The oranges imported from the West Indian Islands during the latter part of the past year were far inferior in size and quality to those imported during the first of the year, and brought correspondingly lower prices. This is attributable to the superabundant crop of oranges, which was unprecedentedly large, and also to the effect of the long and severe drought which prevailed generally throughout those islands. The appearance of the parasite, which has destroyed the oranges and lemons of the Mediterranean, on the island of Jamaica has caused great consternation, and unless some remedy is taken to eradicate the pest the orange-trees will be destroyed. The importations of bananas from the West Indies were 343,047 bunches. The total number of pineapples imported was 3,227,952; 10,031,980 coconuts were imported at a loss of 8 per cent. The importation of limes comprised 1,372 barrels; 55,836 grape fruit, 65,583 mangoes, 19,400 plantains, 13,125 sapodillas, 2,800 alligator pears, 3,890 shadocks. The total value of all the importations of green fruit was \$4,192,831, and the amount of duty collected was \$745,437.20.

#### The Fly Pest in India.

ONE of India's pests is the metallic bluefly. You sink the legs of your furniture into metallic sockets filled with salt and water, and pack your clothing in tight tin boxes, to prevent the incursions of the white ants; but you have no remedy against the metallic bluefly, which fills every crevice, every keyhole and every key itself with clay. This fly is an artistic as well as an industrious worker, and he works always with an object. He first selects a hole; a keyhole, or an empty space in any metallic substance, is preferred, but in the absence of any such material the holes in the bottom of a cane-seat chair or any perforated wood will answer the purpose. After seeing that the hole is clean and in good order, he commences operations by laying on the bottom a smooth carpet of clay, then the bodies of several dead spiders are triumphantly placed upon the clay carpet. On top of these spiders the eggs of the female fly are deposited. The tomb is then ready for closing; the top is neatly covered over with clay, but it still has an unfinished look; this is remedied by a thin coat of whitewash, and then the fly looks upon his work and pronounces it good. When this tomb is opened there are more metallic blueflies in the world than there were before. You are anxious to examine or wear some of your valuables, which you always keep under lock and key, and you take your key and endeavor to unlock your trunk, but it is only an endeavor. There is resistance in the keyhole. You examine the key and find that it is nicely sealed up with clay, and the keyhole in the same condition. It is a work of patience to destroy the nursery of the poor insect, and lay his castle in ruins; but a determined will can accomplish much. Cane-seated chairs are sometimes so occupied by these clay homes as to make it difficult to determine what the original substance was.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Memorial Chapel where the late Czar Fell.

The chapel erected on the spot where the late Emperor of Russia received his death wounds was dedicated on April 29th, by the Metropolitan Archbishop Isidore, in the presence of several members of the Russian Imperial family, but not of the Emperor and Empress, who have lived in strict retirement since the funeral. Many of the Ministers of State, foreign ambassadors and officials of high rank, with the municipality of St. Petersburg and generals of the army, were assembled upon this occasion, and thousands of reverent spectators. The chapel contains three altars with the richest furniture, including the full service of church plate, gold and silver, of the finest chased workmanship.

##### Close of the Transvaal War.

The terms of peace between the Boer leaders and General Sir Evelyn Wood were signed at O'Neill's Farm, near Prospect Hill Camp, in the Transvaal, on March 21st. President Brand, of the Orange Free State, participated in the ceremony of concluding peace, and as soon as the papers were exchanged, he entered his carriage and was driven at once to the Boer camp at Laing's Neck, where the great battle had been fought. As he entered the camp he stood up in his carriage and announced that the war was at an end and that the terms of peace had been signed. Great excitement prevailed in the camp during the night. A thanksgiving service was held by candle-light, and there were all manner of joyful demonstrations. On the following day the Boers honored General Sir Evelyn Wood with a marching parade and salute, at the close of which the camp was broken up.

##### The Invasion of Tunis.

On May 26th the Budget Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies reported that the cost of the Tunis expedition will not exceed 14,000,000 francs, allowing that the cost of the occupation, continued up to the conclusion of the treaty, shall be 7,000,000 francs. Further Cabinet changes have been made in Italy in consequence of the invasion of Tunis, and Garibaldi has made one of his periodic attempts to stir up his special partisans by descending on the action of the French. Our illustrations show features of the invasion that have been described or otherwise noted in the newspapers during the past month.

##### Gatchina Castle.

Since the funeral of the late Czar the Emperor and his family have lived in quite strict seclusion in their former residence, Gatchina Castle. It was in this beautiful retreat, with its pretty streams of living waters, its romantic scenery, its large and game-filled patches of woodland, that the present Czar spent the happiest, brightest part of his life. He disliked the vast pile known as the Winter Palace, with its army of servants and guards, and he took the first opportunity that decency allowed to quit it. The intelligence that the Imperial family are about going to Moscow for a month is doubtless based on the ancient custom of crowning the Czar in the old capital, after six months of mourning have elapsed. At the same time there have been strong assertions that Alexander III. proposed removing the seat of Government from St. Petersburg, with its bitter experiences, to the ancient capital.

##### The Italian Exposition.

The National Italian Exposition was opened at Milan on May 5th. The character of the Exhibition, which was at first intended to be purely industrial, has changed into one of a national character. Besides the King and Queen, all the authorities and the different foreign consuls were present at the opening ceremony. In the evening the cathedral and square and the principal streets were splendidly illuminated. Among the most notable exhibits are fifty-four examples of various Siena marbles and a sawed slab of Terravazza marble, half an inch thick, one metre wide and four metres long, and a block of marble weighing seventeen tons, which figures in the shrubberies. The exhibition of ancient and modern arms and military accoutrements is very full, and makes a most interesting display.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—It is stated that the total French forces now in Tunis number 30,700 men.

—The maltsters of the United States are to hold a convention at Niagara Falls on June 15th.

—Steps have been taken to secure the organization of a Red Cross Society in the United States.

—Nearly 1,300 men are employed in Philadelphia on rolling-stock for American and European railways.

—Prince Alexander of Bulgaria will summon a national convention on July 13th to prepare a new constitution.

—The grave of the late Col. Thomas A. Scott will be watched for some time by men employed for that purpose.

—Mr. Gladstone has withdrawn from Parliament the proposition for licensing the sale of drink in railway carriages.

—The Tennessee Funding Board has been enjoined from carrying out the provisions of the recently passed Funding Act.

—The Mexican Chamber of Deputies has passed an amendment to the Constitution making only native Mexicans eligible to either House of Congress.

—Fishery prospects on the Newfoundland banks are remarkably good. News from Trinity says cod are abundant and boats are loading every day.

—Farmers in Central Illinois report winter wheat as suffering from chinch-bug and Hessian fly. Thousands of acres are being plowed up to plant corn.

—Business is greatly depressed in Russia, particularly in the calico, cotton and iron trades. Many English merchants in the country are winding up their affairs preparatory to leaving it.

—The greater part of Pinsk, in the Russian Government of Minsk, was burned on May 24th. Great distress prevails among the inhabitants, who number 18,000. The losses are enormous.

—The steamer *Proteus*, of the St. John's sailing fleet, has been engaged to proceed to Lady Franklin Bay with relief to the exploring party who left there last summer in the steamer *Gulnare*.

—The Liberation Society has renewed its campaign against the Established Church in England with extraordinary vigor. The clergy will endeavor to keep down the agitation in the rural districts.

—A number of "moonshiners," the other day, broke in the jail walls at Morgantown, Ala., while the Superior Court was in session, and released a number of prisoners charged with violating the revenue laws.

—The Swedish Government is becoming greatly alarmed and contemplates legislation in view of the emigration, which is assuming the proportions of an exodus. Several counties are practically denuded of able-bodied inhabitants.

—The treaty of commerce just concluded between Austria and Germany simply secures to each party the treatment accorded to the most favored nation. The treaty will remain in force until 1887, but is terminable at one year's notice.

—Postmaster-General James has instituted an inquiry into the practices of professional contractors who, while having no intention to perform service, secure a large number of routes at the annual lettings which they submit at lower rates.

—The Governor-General of Chorkoff, in Russia, has issued a proclamation forbidding the persecution of the Jews and threatening severe measures against the rioters. The number of arrests in the Kief district for attacks on the Jews since the 15th ult. is 1,227.

—A farmer living in Markham Township, Ontario, twenty miles from Toronto, has discovered a pit on his farm containing 600 skulls and five times as many leg and arm bones. It is believed that it is an Indian ossuary, and that the remains have been under ground 200 years.

—A NEWBURN paper states that a wealthy gentleman proposes to erect a monument to Robert Fulton upon a prominent elevation of that rocky island at the southern end of Newburgh Bay and at the northern gate to the Highlands, known as Polipolis Island. The monument will be surmounted by a figure of Fulton large enough to be seen far away.

—The new National Museum Building at Washington is completed. The iron girders for the mansard roof of the north wing of the State, War and Navy Departments are being placed in position by the workmen, and in the course of a few weeks the wing will be under roof. The work upon the inside will probably require a year for its completion.

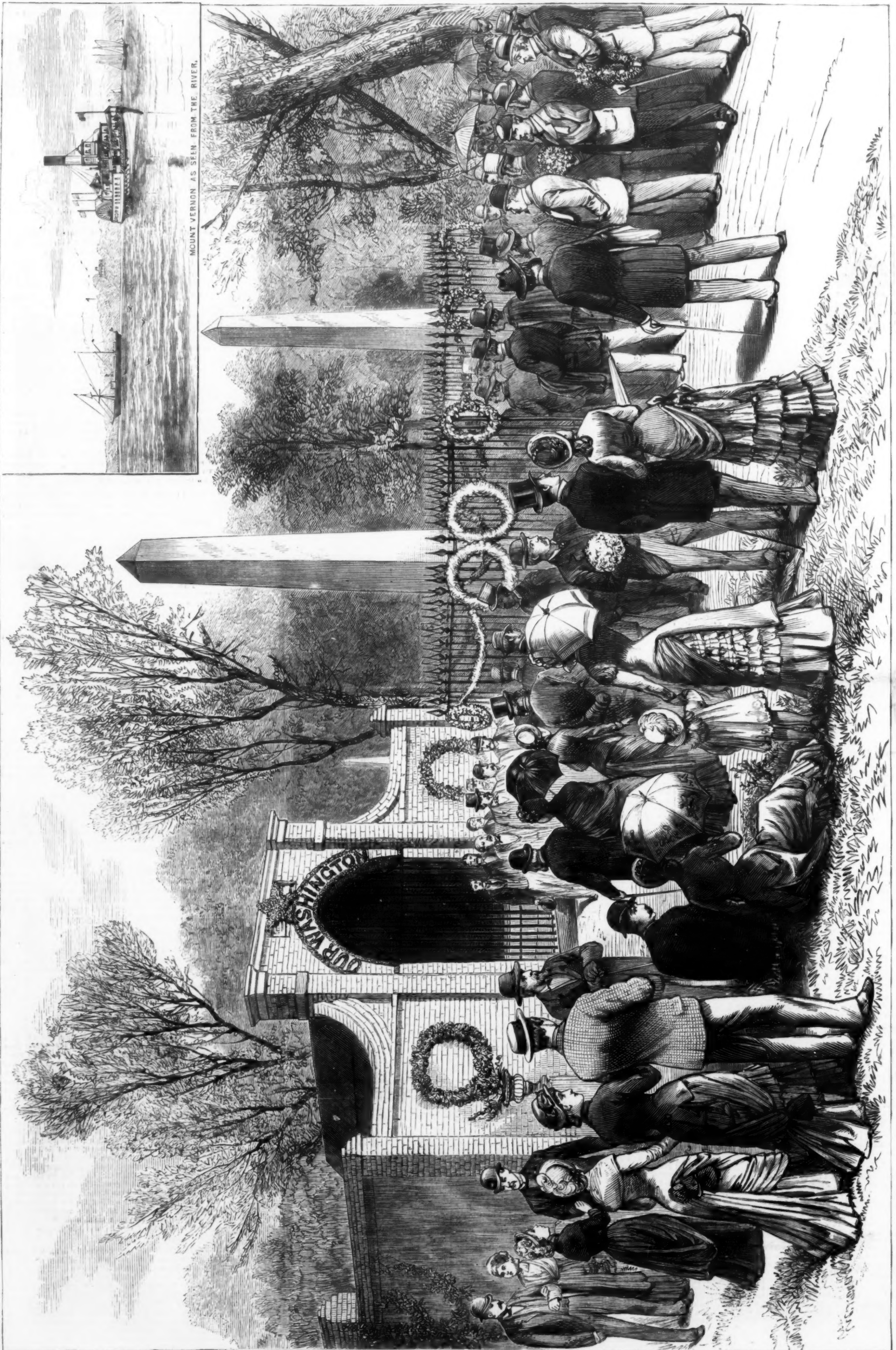
—The anti-Jewish excitement continues to rage with extraordinary fierceness in Russia and Hungary. A story comes from Tarfa, Hungary, that many fires having recently occurred, they were laid to the charges of the Jews. A few days ago a Jew was helping to extinguish a fire when the mob suddenly turned on him and hurled him into the flames, where he was burned alive. Jewish fugitives are arriving in Poland from all parts of Russia. Many are emigrating to America, and riots and panic still continue.

—Roach's American line of steamers to Brazil has been withdrawn. The line has been operated at a loss from the start, and the owners of the vessels have sunk all the money they can afford. During the three years this line was in operation the competition was sometimes so sharp that coffee was carried for twenty cents a bag. It is surmised, now that the American line is withdrawn, rates will be advanced all around. Another result is the suspension of direct postal intercourse between the United States and Brazil, and letters for Rio de Janeiro must go via European steamers.

—A REMARKABLE feat of telegraphy was performed on the night of May 20th for the benefit of the Chicago Press. The first instalment of the Revised New Testament, filling thirty-three columns of a morning newspaper, and comprising twenty-eight chapters of St. Matthew, sixteen of St. Mark, seven of St. Luke, and five of St. John, was telegraphed in 83,715 words from this city to Chicago by the Western Union on twenty-one wires. Seven hours sufficed for the transmission. On the next afternoon the Acts of the Apostles were put on seventeen wires for the transmission of the 23,000 odd words contained therein, and the Epistle to the Romans followed.

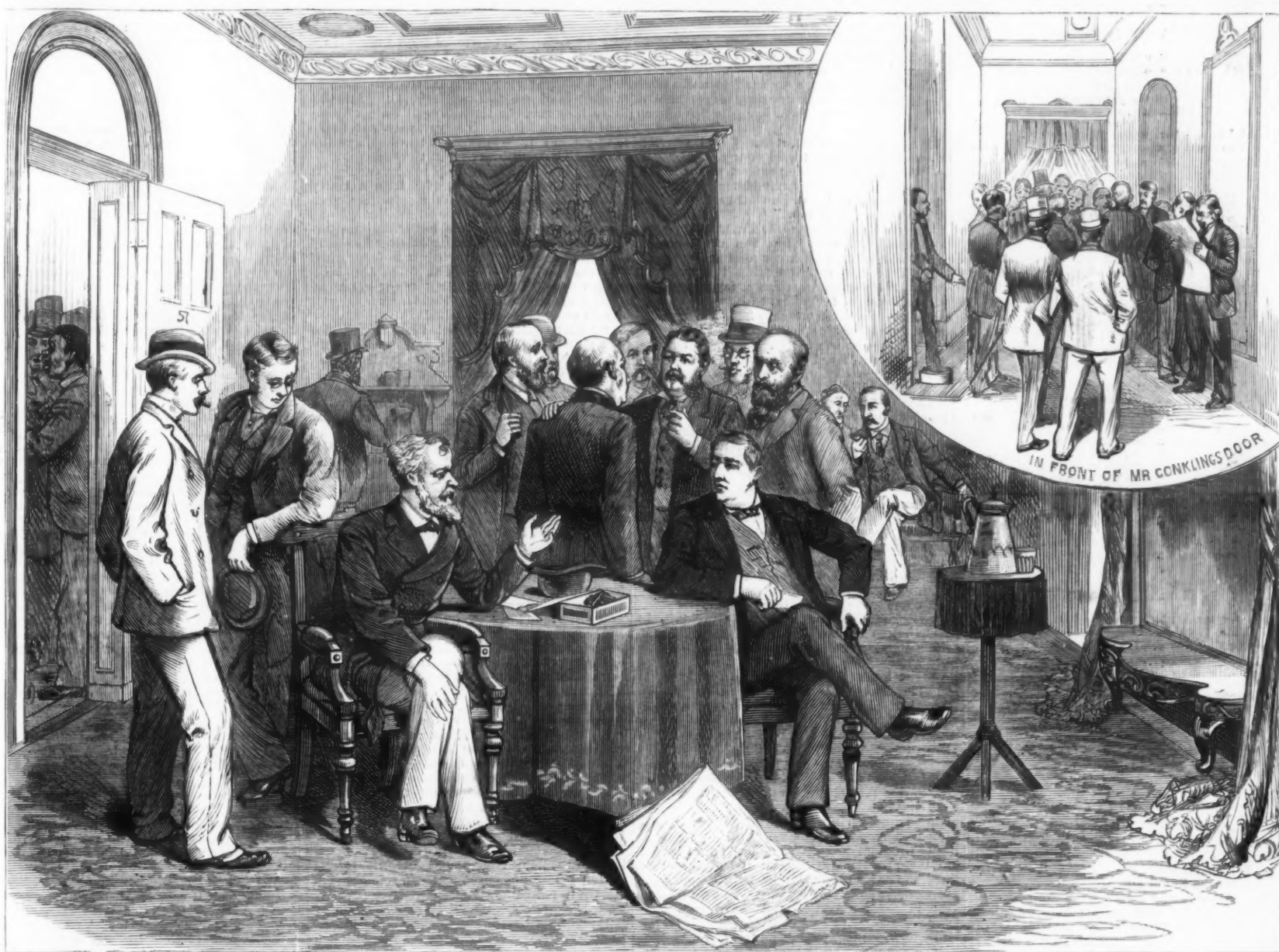
—According to the census returns the total assessed valuation of real estate in New Jersey is \$436,032,638, and of personal property, \$126,215,985. The bonded county indebtedness is placed at the sum of \$6,642,937.50; that of cities containing over 7,500 population at \$37,996,285; that of cities, towns and villages of less than 7,500 population at \$2,795,853.71; that of townships (bonded and floating indebtedness) at \$1,436,778.91; and the school district indebtedness at \$1,724,856.79. In addition to this debt there is a floating county indebtedness not stated in the tables amounting to \$5,231,335.83, making the total indebtedness of the State, \$63,828,247.54.



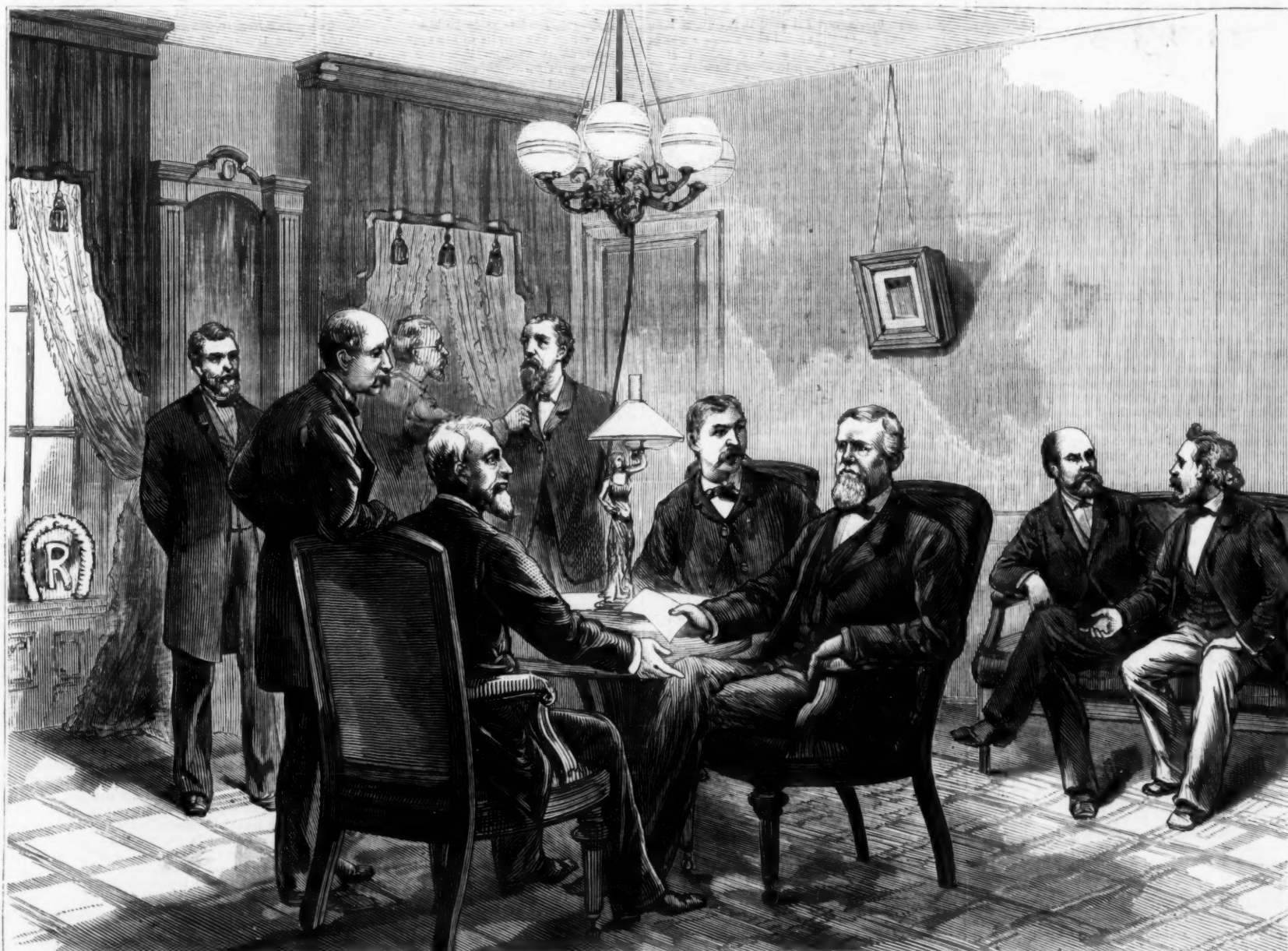


VIRGINIA.—DECORATION OF WASHINGTON'S TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON, MAY 30TH, BY GEORGE WASHINGTON POST No. 103, G. A. R., OF NEW YORK CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 251.





THE CONKLING CONFERENCE IN ROOM NO. 57 OF THE DELAVAN HOUSE, ON THE EVENING OF MAY 25TH.



A CONSULTATION OF THE ADMINISTRATION MEN AT THE PARLOR OF SENATOR ROBERTSON, AT THE KENMORE HOTEL.

NEW YORK.—THE CONTEST FOR THE SENATORIAL SUCCESSION AT THE STATE CAPITAL.—FROM SKETCHES BY CHAS. B. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 255.



## A SPRAY OF HONEYSUCKLE.

NO more June's pranksome dragon flies,  
You'll gladden under sunny skies,  
Nor blowing free  
In fragrant glee  
You'll rock the amber-girdled bee.

NO more your petals, pink and gold,  
The opals of the night will hold;  
No more you'll freight  
With dreams elate  
The lover at the garden-gate.

Oh, arabesques of subtle balm,  
I note your mild, delicious calm.  
Oh, flowers bright,  
You thrill me quite  
With visions of supreme delight.

For in your pendant charms I see,  
The orchard once so dear to me;  
The shaded cot  
Upon the spot  
Which airy dandelions dot.

I see again the quiet place,  
Effulgent in its simple grace;  
The peaceful rill  
Beside the mill,  
The vagrant sparrow at the sill.

And then I seem again to float,  
About the lakelet in my boat,  
And hear the loons  
'Mong lily-moons  
On dreamy purple afternoons.

And then the porch I fondly seek,  
And cooling breezes brush my cheek,  
While swinging Flo,  
With smiles aglow,  
In easy hammock to-and-fro.

I see her at the spinning-wheel,  
While birds about her joyous reel,  
I see her hair  
So sunny, rare,  
Fall on her neck and shoulders bare.

Again with her I climb the hill;  
I pluck for her wild roses still—  
Those flowers bloom  
In sun and gloom  
In snowy richness on her tomb.

Oh, garden jewels, tinged with cream,  
You set my pensive soul a-dream,  
Around you still  
Birds seem to trill  
Upon my office window-sill.

You charm me in these after years,  
Like tend'ring of all souvenirs,  
And timidly  
Unweave to me  
A dear, eventful history.

R. K. MURKITTICK.

THE TYRANNY OF FATE;  
OR,  
A FIAT OF DRACO.

BY MISS ANNIE DUFFELL.

## CHAPTER XX.—(CONTINUED.)

"I MUST speak—I must!" she cries. "I can't stand it any longer. I am your wife, and I have a right to know what you are about. Oh, husband, what is that you are following in secret? What is it that takes you out in all sorts of wind and weather, that keeps you out such a night as this a tramping through the woods, when, if the trees do not blow upon you, you are likely to lose your way in the thick brushwood and the riddle of paths? Ye have such secret and wearisome ways, and you will not take me into them. Ned, you are up to some great wrong, or you would not keep the hours you do, and a running up to Lon'un without a word's notice. What business can you have, Ned, in Lon'un, a man that never was in a town afore in his life? The speaker grows more excited, and her thin hands are locked upon her husband's knee. "And you're a husband and a father no longer; ye have never a word nor a smile for your wife and your children. For well on to years it has been so, but it's worse of late. Never did you treat me as ye did that night when you went up to town. Oh, it was a heathenish thing to stand over your wife with a club, and swear ye would brain her if she did not keep her tongue between her teeth about your going. But, if all was right, what for did ye want to keep it quiet? And you talk in your sleep—"

"And what do I say?" queries the man, abruptly, and with signs of excitement.

The woman shakes her head.

"Things that I can't understand, yet they don't lift the weight off my mind," she answers. "And it is a dreadful thing to live in uncertainty, to feel that there is evil and secrets around you that you can't make out."

"There is nothing for you to do but to tend to your own affairs," says Canton, gruffly.

"I can tend to mine. But, understand one thing—I'll have none of your interference. If you go peekin' and spyin' into my business, true enough you'll suffer for it. And, mind you, if you let out a word of what ye have just said, it'll be bad enough for me!"

"But what is it you're up to?" pleads his wife, feverishly. "If you'd only tell me a word or two. Sometimes I fear, Ned," she lowers her voice and glances half-fearfully over her shoulder—"sometimes I fear it's poaching! There's a bad lot of men, you know, thieves they preserve every night or two, and Sir Cuthbert has offered a big reward to capture the villains. Oh, Ned! think what it would be if you were to be found among them! You, a keeper, and your father and gran'father afore you?"

"No," he says, slowly; "it's not poaching."

"Oh, thank God!"

"It's something worse!"

"Worse?"

"Ay! something that would put the halter about my neck if all was known."

The woman springs to her feet and recoils from her companion, her face expressive of the utmost horror. Then her pale lips move:

"Is it murder?"

"Never mind what it is. I told you that much that you might hold your tongue."

"And it's against the baronet you are conspiring," she continues, shuddering with fright and excitement—"poor Sir Cuthbert, who never laid a straw in our way."

"I have nothin' agin Sir Cuthbert," replies the man, sullenly. "But I'm not going to stand still while they carry me to the gibbet!"

"Oh, no—no—no!" exclaims the wretched wife. She shivers as though in an aque fit. "Carry you to the gibbet? Merciful Father! Fly—fly, Ned! Go at once! I'll help you—I'll do anything!"

"There is no use of flying, Madge," he says, in rather a softened tone. "There is no danger if you are careful not to mention these doin's of mine, what strikes you as bein' mysterious. Only keep quiet, woman, and it will be all right."

The woman sits down before the fire, still shivering, and her husband leisurely drains his brown mug of ale. Then, after a pause, he puts his hand into his pocket. For a moment he remains motionless, then he springs to his feet and hastily searches every receptacle in his clothing, and all the time a transformation is being wrought in him—a dull, grayish pallor bleaches his half-brutal face, and his heavy under-jaw falls like one stricken with death. He turns his gaze upon his wife, his eyes filled with wild fright and excitement.

"What is the matter, Ned?" she cries.

"It's gone!" he mutters, hoarsely, sinking in a chair like a felled log. "Sure as you live—not a sign left!"

"What's gone?"

"The letter!"

"The letter?"

"Yes. The wind was blowing such a hurricane it must have shook it from my pocket as I came through the wood. Madge, I am lost—ruined!"

The woman's face is slowly growing as pale as her husband's ashy countenance, whose eyes seem turned to living coals of fire.

"But what letter was it, Ned?" she urges, her lips quivering uncontrollably as she observes her companion's agitation.

"Never mind. It was a letter that I went to the post to-night to get. It was that took me out. If Sir Cuthbert should get hold of it, or any of the people at The Towers, we are ruined for ever! God! how could I be so careless? But I will search for it. Get me a lantern, Madge, while I put on my coat."

"But you will not go out again to-night, with the wind like this?" interrupts the woman, in affright.

"Yes. I will search every foot of ground the forest holds, but I'll find that paper!" he cries, fiercely. "I'll spend the whole night at it! Wind! I tell you we are ruined eternally if that letter falls into other hands! Fill up the lamp and let me get off."

The woman obeys, trembling pitifully, and sees him start out in the night. It is well on to morning when he returns, but the miserable wife still continues her vigil. He is a startling object to contemplate. His hair is disordered by the tempest; his face purple with cold and excitement. His desperate and long-continued search through the forest has left its evidence, for his clothes are rent to tatters where he has thrust his way through the bushes, and his fingers and hands are bleeding with the wounds of the thick underbrush where he has parted its almost impenetrable growth, in the hope that the valuable document may have been swept under its cover by the wind. His face—even his lips—are bloodless, and he sinks heavily in a chair, weary with exposure and the exhaustion of his desperate search, in which he spared himself not a pang.

"Did ye find it?" cries his wife, springing up as he enters.

"Find it? I never will! It's a trap of the fiends to get me into trouble! Oh, my God, I'm lost—I'm lost!"

A great, hoarse groan breaks from him, and he sinks his heavy, ashen face in his hands.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"I CAN never pardon myself for being the means of bringing so much trouble upon you," Lady Grace's low and perfectly modulated voice comes to the Earl of Sinclair as he sits beside her in the parlor of Sinclair. They have been discussing the loss of the diamonds.

"You are not in the least to blame for it," replies the earl, earnestly; "I would risk a much greater loss, if possible, in the effort to gratify you."

"Has no clew to them been obtained? Why, it is fully a week since they were stolen."

"Not the slightest clew. Yesterday I doubled the reward. Perhaps that may have the effect to bring forth some sign from the villains."

A brief silence follows between them, though the din of aristocratic voices fills the warm, luxurious room. The guests have all congregated here, for it is not a pleasant evening for solitude. It has been a dreary day, and promises fair to be a drearier night. Suddenly above the hum of voices rises the sound of commotion in the hall. In the perfectly regulated household of Sinclair this is such an unprecedented circumstance that all pause to listen. Louder and louder grows the noise, mingled with which are unmistakable sounds of scuffling.

"I will go in—I will!" cries an excited voice; and the noise increases.

"But I tell you it cannot be," responds another, which all recognize as Butts's, the stately butler.

"You sha'n't keep me; let me go. I will

see him. It's important business. The earl is with his guests, you say? I can't help it if the earl is with the Queen? My business won't wait." And with this the door of the apartment is burst violently open, and the two men reel in, and are half-way across the floor before they recover themselves. Sure enough, one is Butts, his rich livery of purple and gold sadly awry from the recent scuffle, and his face crimson with excitement.

"My lord," he says, desperately, turning to the earl, who has risen, and, with a heavy frown, stares at the intruders, "this is a madman! He entered by one of the back doors and rushed through the halls like one possessed, hooting and shouting at every step. I followed and overtook him just as he reached this door, where some one told him your lordship was in. I told him not to enter, but he would not listen to me. He is a madman and ought to be taken into custody."

"I ain't mad," contradicts the stranger. He is a man of medium height, stout and thickly built, with a face, though being far from evil, contains certain crafty, shrewd lines that betoken an avaricious temperament. All eyes are fixed upon him, but only into one pair has come a horror and despair too great for words, as Percy recognizes in the intruder the man who witnessed that midnight visit to the earl's chamber. "I ain't mad, and I'd a-come afore but I have been away from the village, where I keep a grocery, and knowed nothing about it. I've come for the reward, my lord—the money is mine." The small eyes glisten greedily. "I believe I can tell you all about it. I was a-crossing the grounds that night—had been to see one of the housemaids. Oh, I know about it; you needn't doubt me, your lordship—it was a woman. I seed her—"

"Butts," interrupts the earl's icy voice, "remove this man!"

"But, my lord, you don't know what I am talking about," persists the man, in a fever of excitement, and seized with a panic lest the reward escape him—that reward that will be a fortune to him, and place him for ever beyond the need of labor. He grows more and more incoherent. "It was a red dress all kivered with gold that shone in the light. It was the light that first ketched my eye. It was right from your lordship's room. I've made inquiries. Your lordship will not deny that your chambers are in the tower? Well, it was from the tower the light streamed, and I seed it all as plain as if I had been in there! I seed the woman—"

"Butts," again interrupts the earl's voice, icier and calmer than before—"Butts, is this person a friend of yours that you seem so reluctant to rid us of his society?"

Butts's face becomes more erubescant, and fairly puffs out with mortification and anger. It is after dinner—the dinners at Sinclair are irreproachable—and so the guests are condescending enough to accept the present circumstances as a joke, at which they are idly amused. But there is little amusement in it for Percy. He has risen to his feet, white to the lips, and the pupils of his eyes distend and expand as is seldom the case with human eyes, save in extreme suffering. His gaze is fixed upon the countess, who sits by Beaumont's side upon a divan. Her manner is thoroughly composed, while his own limbs shiver as with paralysis; nothing shines in her azure eyes save a well-bred surprise. Her dissimulation, he tells himself, is perfect. Yet it must be that she does not realize the full extent of her danger. Therefore, as she is helpless and unconscious, the more firmly does that resolution possess him to save her from the ignominy of disclosure. To see those radiant eyes dimmed with humiliation, the proud head bent with shame; to see the horror, the scorn, the (possible) amusement aroused in envious breasts by the disclosure, is what he never could endure. He stands there, not yet quite sure of his course, but ready to interpose himself a living barrier between the woman of his love and the shame that is about to be hurled upon her.

Butts, under his master's scathing sarcasm, steps forward with a threatening gesture to eject the unwelcome visitor; but that gentleman has no idea of yet deserting the field—too much money is at stake.

"I tell you, my lord," he says, and there is at last a certain air about him which, if it does not carry conviction, compels attention, "I am not a madman, far from it. I do not gain-say that my conduct has been wrong in forcing myself in your lordship's presence, but I was almost wild with excitement. My lord, it is about the diamonds I am come."

"The diamonds?" The earl starts quickly, and Sir Cuthbert springs to his feet and joins his brother.

Ah, now the countess changes color, and across the tranquil splendor of her face breaks a swift convulsion! But it dies quickly away. No one but Percy has noticed it. Every one is now interested deeply with the man.

"What do you know of the jewels?" sternly demands Beaumont.

"My lord, I believe I know everything," replies the man, in a thoroughly respectful tone.

"Come to another room and explain," says the earl. But the man obstinately refuses to leave the apartment. To the exclusion of all other thoughts and aims, he has become possessed with the hope to obtain the reward, the innate greed of his nature making him particularly sensible to the advantage accruing from it.

"Excuse me, my lord," he says, firmly, "but I'd a deal rather stay where I am. The thief is among your guests—There, there, my lord! there is no use to strike me! I'm only a grocer, but I speak the truth. I tell you I was passing close to the castle the night the jewels was stole, and I seed—"

A hand of iron falls upon his arm, and he ceases abruptly. It is fair to suppose that the grocer has never before been in such a vice-like grip as that which now crushes his flesh and brawny muscles. It is Percy.

"Stop!" he says, "you need say no more. Your mission is done"—every eye is turned upon him in wonder and amazement—"but first let me ask you if you will leave this room with these two gentlemen and myself?"

The man plants himself more firmly where he stands upon the soft velvet pile of the carpet, and his countenance takes on a sullen, bulldog look, as a great apprehension seizes him.

"No," he replies, "I'll not leave this spot until I tell all I come to say. What do you know about it?"

An intense silence comes in the room. Percy drops the man's arm. A portion of his self-imposed mission is accomplished—he has arrested the fatal words that would have fixed the stigma of disgrace upon the object of his love and protection. But, with all this, can you pardon him if yet, for one instant, he pauses ere he bends to the final burden—ere he takes up the cross that for all the future must bend him to the dust of shame and dishonor! He has been a poor man and an unlucky one—it is the misfortune characteristic of his race—but through it all an uprightness of conduct, almost childish, and an honor chivalric, have sustained him unwaveringly. Therefore, perhaps you can understand how it is that, while he does it freely and of his own accord, he pauses yet one moment as he stands for the last time in outward honor—pauses ere he brings upon himself the stigma of eternal disgrace—ere he brands himself to the world as a thief, a traitor and a coward. Mechanically he looks at Beaumont. Since she knows his innocence, perhaps the hardest cross of all is to brand himself a villain before this man. Between them has been a friendship firm and true—a friendship like unto those old brotherhoods of ancient Greece—stronger and more abiding than the love of woman, and not the less warm that it rarely came to the surface. Now, in this man's presence, he must brand himself with infamy—must confess that he has robbed him!

"I tell you, my lord," begins the grocer, and again he is interrupted, as, with that powerful grip, Percy huris him back, and himself faces the earl.

"My lord," he says, calmly, "there is no need to look further for the thief. He is before you!"

The earl stares at him, mute and confused.

"I see you do not understand," continues Percy. "Lord John, I took the diamonds! I am your prisoner; do with me as you will."

One or two suppressed shrieks sound from the women. Then that strange, intense hush again falls. He stands alone—a slim, tall figure—his head held high, the waves of light brown hair tossed carelessly from his brow that is branded with the one shameful, sickening, accursed word—*thief*! He stands motionless, suppressing all signs of the agony he must be suffering—only in his eyes a gleam that comes into the eyes of a high-hearted, fearless stag as it takes its death-wound.

The avaricious grocer is the first to recover from the shock. He has grown less secure. The reward that already was his in imagination he now sees slowly receding from his grasp. He is not sufficiently familiar with law to know how deeply this confession will affect his interest.

"It wasn't you," he cries, excitedly. "I saw the thief with my own eyes. It was a—"

"Silence," commands Percy, with a fierce ring in his voice new to it. "I tell you it was I," turning to the earl. "It is not such a distinction that I should claim it if it were not true."

"It wasn't," again contradicts the man, frantically. "I'll swear at the Queen's Bench that it wasn't! I saw who it was! I never could mistake a—"

Again Percy's hand falls upon the speaker's arm in that uncomfortable grip.

"My lord," he says, addressing Sinclair, "have this thing stopped. I took the diamonds, believing myself to be unseen. I make this formal confession in the presence of these witnesses and submit myself your prisoner. Since the failure of the bank that contained my small fortune I have been almost penniless, and debts were accumulating which I had no possible means of liquidating. This is my only plea, poor as it is."

"But the dress," once more begins the grocer; but his manner, though desperate, is less positive, and he looks confounded.

"I was in disguise," interrupts Percy, in a tone caught only by the stranger. "It was natural for you to mistake me for a woman. Say no more about it. The reward will be yours. I would not have confessed if you had not compelled it."

The man looks unmistakably relieved. Through the room the reaction has now begun. All are bewildered, horrified, amazed, and not a few of the women are in hysterical tears—Percy was a pet and general favorite. The Earl of Sinclair looks confused, incredulous, uncertain. Beaumont stands like a bronze statue, his falcon eye never once leaving Percy.

"My friends," the earl finally remarks, "perhaps, under the circumstances, you will not consider me inhospitable if I observe that it is best for Mr. Dunworth to be alone with my brother and me."

Under this intimation all present rise and leave the room, filing silently past the man where he stands alone in his self-confessed infamy, suffering in silence the heaviest wrong—who has made for the sake of his love, that is to know no return, this bitter sacrifice—who has stepped into a life-long martyrdom, unrepaid even by recognition. At the feet of his love he has laid down the joy, the aspirations, the rich promise of his young manhood, by which he saves her from the disgrace that cloaks himself. Since it gives her redemption, what matters it that it takes him to a felon's cell! It is for her sake—it is for her sake! Somehow a dull roaring as of many waters sounds in his brain; a mist gathers before his



eyes; for an instant that superb strength falters as these people go by him with cold eyes and averted heads—these people once so dear to him, and to whom he was also dear, but so no longer. But it only lasts a moment. He raises his head; all of the guests have left but one; she stands beside him, her azure eyes looking straight into his with an expression tender, piteous, grateful, he thinks. Thank God! she knows his innocence! Thank God! that it is through his sacrifice, his suffering and his martyrdom that she is saved! With an uncontrollable impulse he reaches out and takes her hand; all the dumb, futile love of his soul sweeps into his eyes—love for this woman who has shipwrecked his life. And if in this moment any pang of pain disturbs the thankfulness and contentment emanating from his God-like deed which are to be his only reward, it is that by it he will be separated from her. The weary, exhausting years of long imprisonment, the dark and fetid atmosphere of the dungeon, the life to be spent in continual companionship with criminals, the shame of being branded a felon in those old aristocratic circles to which he was born—all this is as nothing, and holds no terrors for him. It is only the separation from her that shatters his strength, only the knowledge that he will never again look into the beauty of her dear eyes, never again see the splendor of that face that has grown to be his heaven! Across his vision again comes that dimness, this time the dimness of blinding tears. He bends over her hand and presses it to his face.

"Oh, my love—my love! it is for you!" he murmurs.

He cannot check the rain of tears, for he knows that while he languishes in prison her beauty shall shine on for the world still to feast upon. For the first time he realizes all to which he has sunk.

With one final pressure he drops her hand and she passes out, even as he has stepped for ever out from all light, and comfort and happiness of life. The three men stand alone together, over them an unbroken silence, not the silence of those dead years with their friendship and familiarity, but a hush and chill of doubt and suspicion that tell that all friendship is for ever broken. At last Beaumont goes to Percy, this man whose honor he would have been willing to have sworn by, and his hand drops heavily on his shoulder. His stern, keen, pitiless eyes scan the haggard face he confronts, and there is a disdainful curl in the thin lips around which the old love, which dies no easy death, struggles still to hover.

"Did you do this?" he queries, in his coldest and most pitiless voice. "If you retract your words, I will still believe you."

Percy's lips grow a shade whiter. He knows that the haughty, unbending, arrogant nature of this man has overcome itself so far as to afford him one last chance for self-vindication for the sake of the past; and it is agony and great cross that he cannot profit by that forbearance, that he must strike the death-blow to their friendship. He bends his head upon his chest; he has not the courage to meet the cold, contemptuous eyes of this man who has been more than a brother to him.

"I cannot take back my words; they are too true!" he answers.

"My God, you robbed us!—we, your friends." There is a horror and contempt in Beaumont's tones too great for words. "You robbed us while you accepted our hospitality! I wonder you have not rifled the tombs of our ancestors; it is reported that gold and silver were buried with them."

"Spare me—spare me, Beaumont!" mutters Percy, while his eyes grow wide and almost delirious with his suffering.

"Never take my name upon your lips," commands the statesman, imperiously. "You palmed yourself off for an honest man—you won my friendship falsely. You are a traitor and a craven!" The scathing words leave the thin lips now without a tinge of passion or excitement, but their very calmness makes them the more terrible. That dark, pitiless relentlessness—the worst trait in his character—makes him a stranger to mercy or pardon.

"Have a little mercy," urges Percy, piteously, "for the sake of our friendship."

"It was a poor friendship that required mercy," interrupts Beaumont, icily. "And of friendship you never had any, else you had not thus abused confidence and hospitality." He is colder, more pitiless than a Pagan, and Percy quivers like a woman struck by a fierce blow, while a hunted, appealing pain gathers in his eyes, so heavy and haggard. "John, you had better dispatch a servant for a magistrate," Beaumont continues to his brother. "This affair is not ours; it is the Crown's."

Percy suddenly straightens himself; a mournful, touching dignity enwraps him; even were he guilty of the crime to which he has confessed, he is not deserving of this utter heartlessness, this entire want of sympathy and charity. His eyes grow clear and calm, and his voice steady.

"I have said that I am your prisoner," he says, simply. "Therefore, I am entirely at your disposal." He folds his arms across his chest and looks squarely at the two men. The Earl of Sinclair is still embarrassed and undecided. He does what he has always unconsciously done, wait for his brother to act. And that brother, despite his relentless and implacable nature, cannot consign to the law this man, standing in his degradation and slaughtered years.

"It will take at least two hours for the magistrate to arrive here," he says at last, and his voice is not less chill and contemptuous. "Those two hours you will be left to yourself, unguarded! If you want money, here it is," tossing a purse upon the table beside him; "but please allow me to make the request that you will leave the plate alone! It is unpleasant to be robbed of too much. You have an opportunity now to escape. You will be wise if you take advantage of it."

Without another word the two men go out. Percy is alone—alone with his agony and disgrace, and the cruel, mocking words of his lost friend ringing in his ears! Surely mortal man never suffered more than he!

Two hours later, when the pompous magistrate arrives, he is still there, to the surprise of the earl and Beaumont; and a few minutes later, manacled and handcuffed, he crosses the threshold of Sinclair for the last time—Sinclair, where so many happy hours of his life have been spent, where he was ever a welcome guest, and which he is now leaving, crushed with a burden of ignominy. There is a strange silence over the castle. Not a friendly face meets his gaze, nor a sign of human life—not a voice bids him God-speed! He stands alone upon the threshold, while the Winter winds beat in his face, and the dark and tempestuous night shrouds the earth.

(To be continued.)

#### THE NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY AT VICKSBURG, MISS.

THIS cemetery is located two miles north of Vicksburg, on the bank of the Mississippi River, a spot rendered memorable by one of the most remarkable actions of the rebellion. It was one of the strongest fortified points on the river. General Grant, when investing the city, found that the gunboats could not pass the batteries, and undertook to cut a channel for them below the city. The steamboat shown in the left-hand corner of the illustration is heading for this cut-off, the Louisiana shore being shown in the distance. The original monument erected by General Grant on the spot where the Confederate General Pemberton surrendered, also shown, is some two miles east of the cemetery, and bears little resemblance to its pristine form, as the "boys" on their return carried two-thirds of it away as souvenirs of the event. The War Department had it removed to its present location, indicating by the erection of an upright cannon the site of the surrender. Another monument, shown in the Gateway sketch, is that erected to the memory of Lieutenant H. H. Brenner, of the Army, who volunteered to command the Yellow Fever Relief Boat in 1878, and died of the pestilence while on duty.

The Gateway, completed in the Winter of 1879-80, is a very handsome structure built of Alatawa limestone, and cost \$7,000; the "Lodge" is a neat little brick cottage surrounded with choice exotics; and the "Register" standing near by is already quite full of names, people from all over the world having visited the place. On Decoration Day, as well as the Fourth of July, services are held in the cemetery at the "Rostrum."

The ground of the cemetery was originally a steep bluff on the river-side, with rolling hills back. It has been terraced until it is now one of the most attractively arranged and artistically designed landscapes in the country. The clay is very hard and never washes. Names cut in it years ago remain as legible as when first "recorded." Beautiful hedges of boxwood, magnolia, Spanish-dogwood and occasional banana-trees are scattered about the grounds, agreeably relieving the landscape to the eye. In the extreme distance is seen the Yazoo River.

The old road from the city to the cemetery is on the extreme right, running over the hills; the new one, built by the Government, is perfectly level, and extends along the bank of the Mississippi River.

#### THE SENATORIAL SUCCESSION.

##### MR. CONKLING'S STRUGGLE FOR A RE-ELECTION.

THE contest over the vacant United States Senatorships, which has been in progress during the past week, very naturally absorbed the attention of politicians in all parts of the country, while in this State it has overshadowed every other subject in the minds of men of all classes and parties. Mr. Conkling's active lieutenants early discovered that the presence of their chief was vital to his success, and he was accordingly summoned to the capital to take the command in person of his dispirited forces. His arrival, however, failed to awaken the enthusiasm which had been anticipated, while his subsequent efforts made little impression upon the ranks of his opponents. Mr. Conkling, however, whose headquarters were established at Room No. 37, Delavan House, for a time inspired his immediate followers with confidence and audacity, and they labored with a zeal and energy which were equaled only by the activity and vigor of the Administration party. Early in the week the Assembly Caucus Committee addressed a note to the Senate Committee urging the holding of a caucus on Thursday, May 26th. To this a majority of the Senate Committee made a sharp reply, addressed to the Chairman of the Assembly Committee, as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—The Senate Caucus Committee have given the question of calling a caucus the earnest deliberation which the gravity of the situation demands. The United States Senators from this State have resigned and thrust upon the Republican members of this Legislature the alternative of supporting or antagonizing the national Administration. This issue involves the integrity of the party. The resignation of our Senators has left the Senate of the United States in the control of a Democratic majority. The Republican Party of the State cannot submit its relations to the party in the nation to the decision of the majority of a legislative caucus. No member ought to be excused by caucus action from individual responsibility, but in joint convention of the Legislature and in the solemn exercise of his duties as a legislator each man should cast his vote according to his conscience and the wishes of his constituents."

"We do not, therefore, deem it wise to unite in a call for a joint caucus."

This action of the Senate Committee produced great indignation among the friends of Mr. Conkling, who then addressed themselves to the task of securing the signatures of a majority of the Republicans of the Legislature to a final call for a caucus. Entreaty, arguments, threats were all brought to bear upon the recalcitrants. They were told that the life of the Republican Party depended upon fidelity to the caucus principle; that rejection of it in rejection of the majority of the party in the State and political death to the member in his district. On the other hand, encouraged by the press of the State, the Administration men counseled avoidance of the candidates who have deserted their trusts and who now seek to force themselves into position by the power they exert over the political machinery of the State. The scheme of the Conklingites was thus baffled by the vigilance of the Administration party under the lead of Senators Robertson, Woodin, Assemblyman Everett, and others. While the Conkling party were laboring to secure a majority in favor of a caucus, their opponents circulated a paper pledging the signers not to go into a caucus or to support Conkling and Platt if nominated, and to this they secured the assent of a sufficient number to make the election of these gentlemen impossible without the help of Democratic votes.

The struggle, as it advanced, seemed to strengthen rather than to weaken the determination of the friends of the Administration not to consent, under

any circumstances, to Mr. Conkling's return to the Senate. In this decision they were encouraged by the popular demonstration of hostility to the "boss" system in politics. Governor Cornell, whose position was at first in doubt, finally went to work earnestly for his old chief, and all the "machine" managers responded to the call for help, working like beavers, and without much regard to the denunciations of political warfare.

On the evening of May 25th, when the contest seemed to have reached a critical point, a conference was held at Mr. Conkling's headquarters, with Governor Cornell, Vice-President Arthur, Mr. Platt, and other leaders. At the interview Mr. Conkling did all the talking, sitting opposite to the Governor, and addressing him with all the deliberateness with which he speaks upon the stage or stump. The weather was sultry and it was necessary to keep the doors open. This gave the crowds in the hall a chance to peer in upon the circle of prominent men, and a throng of curious individuals leaned over each other's shoulders to gaze at them as they talked. We depict the scene on page 253.

On Thursday, the 26th, there was an animated debate in the Senate on the general question of the Senatorial succession. Mr. Woodin, taking advantage of numerous petitions sent in from his own and other districts against the re-election of Mr. Conkling and Mr. Platt, took the floor, and, with the petitions for a basis, made a long and bitter address, in which he drew a picture of the great Empire State left without representation in the United States Senate, and dwelt at great length on the disposition of ex-Senator Conkling to sacrifice his party and its prospects on the pretext of sustaining his self-respect. When Mr. Woodin began speaking an unusual silence reigned within the Chamber, and as he proceeded many members from the Assembly and others dropped in until all the space behind the Senators' chairs was crowded, and standing-room was almost at a premium. Mr. Stranahan replied to Mr. Woodin, and was followed by Messrs. Foster, Halbert and McCarthy.

Failing to obtain the signatures of a majority of Republicans, the caucus announced for Thursday night by the supporters of Mr. Conkling was postponed until the 30th. How long the contest may now be protracted it is altogether impossible to conjecture.

#### The Coronation of King Charles of Roumania.

THE coronation ceremonies of King Charles of Roumania took place at Bucharest, on Sunday, May 22d. All the buildings of the chief streets were decorated with flags and festoons of the national colors—blue, yellow and red. Bright rugs and carpets were displayed at the windows. The town was gay with garlands and wreaths. Temporary tribunes were erected at all convenient places. On the previous evening, at six o'clock, the crowds were carried in state, with an escort, to the Cathedral, and remained there all night. At eight o'clock a torchlight and military procession was held. Bands played the new "Coronation March." The streets were crowded with people in different Wallachian and Moldavian costumes. The women wore black petticoats, richly embroidered with gold; the men wore white shirts and sheepskin jackets or long white cloth coats, ornamented with black and colors. The effect was very fine. On Sunday morning the streets were lined with troops; the tribunes, windows and roofs were thronged. The royal procession passed from the railway station the whole length of the city with cannon firing and peals ringing the crown. Their Majesties of great popular enthusiasm. At noon the King and Queen entered the court of the Cathedral, where they were met by the clergy and choir singing hymns. The coronation took place on a raised platform. The King wore his uniform, stars and many orders. The crowns were brought on a velvet cushion by the clergy from the Cathedral. The King's crown was of steel and finely worked. It was made from Turkish cannon captured at Plevna. The Queen's crown was of gold, with a white-and-red velvet cap. The clergy, in gorgeous gold cloth vestments, chanted a "Te Deum." Schoolchildren assisted the choir. The venerable Metropolitan prayed and blessed the crown. Their Majesties then knelt and blessed them, sprinkled them with holy water and kissed the cross. After the ceremony the royal party proceeded to their palace. The crowds were carried in a long procession with the clergy, bodies of state, members of the tribunals, a military guard, and 4,000 provincial deputies in national costume.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Although some of the underground telegraph wires in Germany have been in use for five years, they have cost nothing for maintenance, and are not likely to need any repairs for years.

The Honorary Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland was conferred on Professor Helmholtz, and the Honorary Degree of LL.D. by the University of Dublin.

A New System of Heating is being introduced into the mills at Hooksett, N. H., consisting of water which is made hot by the friction of two shafts, one stationary and the other revolving about it, both being surrounded by water. The water then being forced through pipes about the buildings furnishes heat at one-fourth the cost of coal, it is claimed.

About the end of last month the largest crucible steel-casting hitherto made was effected in the works of a firm in Sheffield, England. It was a spur rim, twenty-eight feet in diameter and cast whole. To cast it 270 pots, each holding eighty pounds of molten steel, was used. Steel wheels are likely to supersede the cast-iron wheels now in general use in the Lancashire mills.

The Bomb that killed the Czar possessed 120 times the explosive force of gunpowder, a fact ascertained from Kibaltchitch, one of the executed Nihilists. It contained dynamite, nitro-glycerine, carbon, concentrated sulphuric acid and fulminate of mercury, which were separated by glass tubes and other contrivances, so arranged as inevitably to break when the bomb fell.

A Zoological Station is to be established at Watson's Bay, under the direction of Baron N. de Miklouho-Maclay, on a small grant of land obtained from the Government. After a lengthy absence at the Melanesian Islands and in Queensland, he has returned with the intention of remaining in Sydney until he can complete what he began in 1878, and see the zoological station firmly established. The land granted by the Government at Watson's Bay is situated near Camp Cove, and is about half an acre in extent. Upon this a cottage of five work-rooms will be erected, and this building will be for the use of naturalists who visit New South Wales for the purpose of studying the zoology and botany of Australia.

The Handling of Petroleum in any considerable quantity is, as is well known, attended by much danger, on account of its explosiveness and the rapidity with which fire is spread thereby. Mr. Ichnlumberger, whose mind has for some time been occupied with this subject, has finally proposed a plan by which he believes that all fire following an explosion may be prevented. His method is the placing of a moderately large bottle of aqua ammonia upon every barrel or keg of petroleum. Should an explosion occur, the shock will shatter the bottle, spread the fumes of the ammonia in the atmosphere, and produce an automatic and infallible extinction of the flames. Mr. Ichnlumberger is very confident of the efficacy of this plan, and believes it would also prove valuable for extinguishing the fire caused by explosions in mines.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday on May 25th.

THE Hon. W. J. Ritchie, Chief Justice of the Dominion of Canada, has been knighted.

GENERAL SKORBEFF has declined the Governorship of Turkestan, and goes abroad shortly for his health.

GENERAL LAND COMMISSIONER WILLIAMSON has resigned to take a position on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway.

MR. SUTER, the Englishman captured by brigands near Salonica, about seven weeks ago, has been liberated.

THE Princess Dolgorouki, it is said, has already invested between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 in American securities.

It is said that the late Count Henry von Arnim left papers which will entirely exculpate him from the charges of treason.

MOSES COIT TYLER, of the Michigan University, has been appointed to succeed William C. Russell as Professor of History at the Cornell University. Professor Tyler has accepted.

At Christ Church, Raleigh, N. C., on May 21st, Edwin A. Osborne, a distinguished Confederate officer, was ordained a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Lyman officiating.

LORD SHAFTESBURY has organized a society of theologians and scientists to investigate all philosophical and scientific questions having a bearing on the truth of the Bible, and to publish results.

THE Hon. Amicia Milnes, the elder daughter of Lord Houghton, peer and poet, is about to be married to Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, Director-General of Public Accounts to the Khedive of Egypt.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER, Yale professor and Superintendent of the Census, has been chosen President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He will enter upon the work in October.

MM. VICTOR LEFRANC and HENRI DIDIER have been elected life Senators of France by 151 and 148 votes respectively. Their opponents, General Riviere and M. Clercq, received 99 and 86 votes respectively.

MR. GEORGE F. MORSE, of Dover, N. H., who has been appointed Consul of the United States at Nice, France, has for a long time been editor of the *Morning Star*, the denominational organ of the Free Will Baptists.

THE Earl of Gainsborough wishes to lay the body of his daughter, Lady Blanche Murphy, beside that of her mother in the family vault on his estate, and the poor young lady's remains are about to be sent to England from Boston.

MRS. LEW WALLACE uses for a paper-weight a piece of rough turquoise that would make the fortune of a crown jeweler. It came from the rich mines of Santa Fé, which are said to contain the beautiful blue stone in larger veins than those of Persia.

MASTER CONINGSBY DISRAELI is said to resemble greatly his uncle in his capacity, boy as he is, for avoiding the betrayal of emotion. He sat in the House of Lords the other day, listening to the eulogies on the late ex-Premier, and while he listened carefully his face remained thoroughly impassive.

MR. FAWCETT, the Postmaster-General of England, has been making experiments with the employment of deaf and dumb persons in the sorting of papers in the Post Office Savings Bank Department, and the results already attained indicate a probability that their services will be found entirely acceptable.

MRS. GLADSTONE is a benevolent woman and does many kind things for the villagers of Hawarden. She has given them an excellent coffee-house, which is open week-days and Sundays. She has also established near the castle a home for orphans. Many of the Gladstone servants have been on the estate twenty, thirty and forty years.

THE following changes in the Dominion Cabinet were made at Quebec last week at a Cabinet council held on the eve of Sir John Macdonald's departure for England: Hon. James Macdonald, Minister of Justice, to be Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, vice Sir William Young, retired; Sir Alexander Campbell, to be Minister of Justice; Hon. John O'Connor, to be Postmaster-General; Hon. J. A. Mousseau, to be Secretary of State; Senator McLellan, of Londonderry, N. S., to be President of Council.

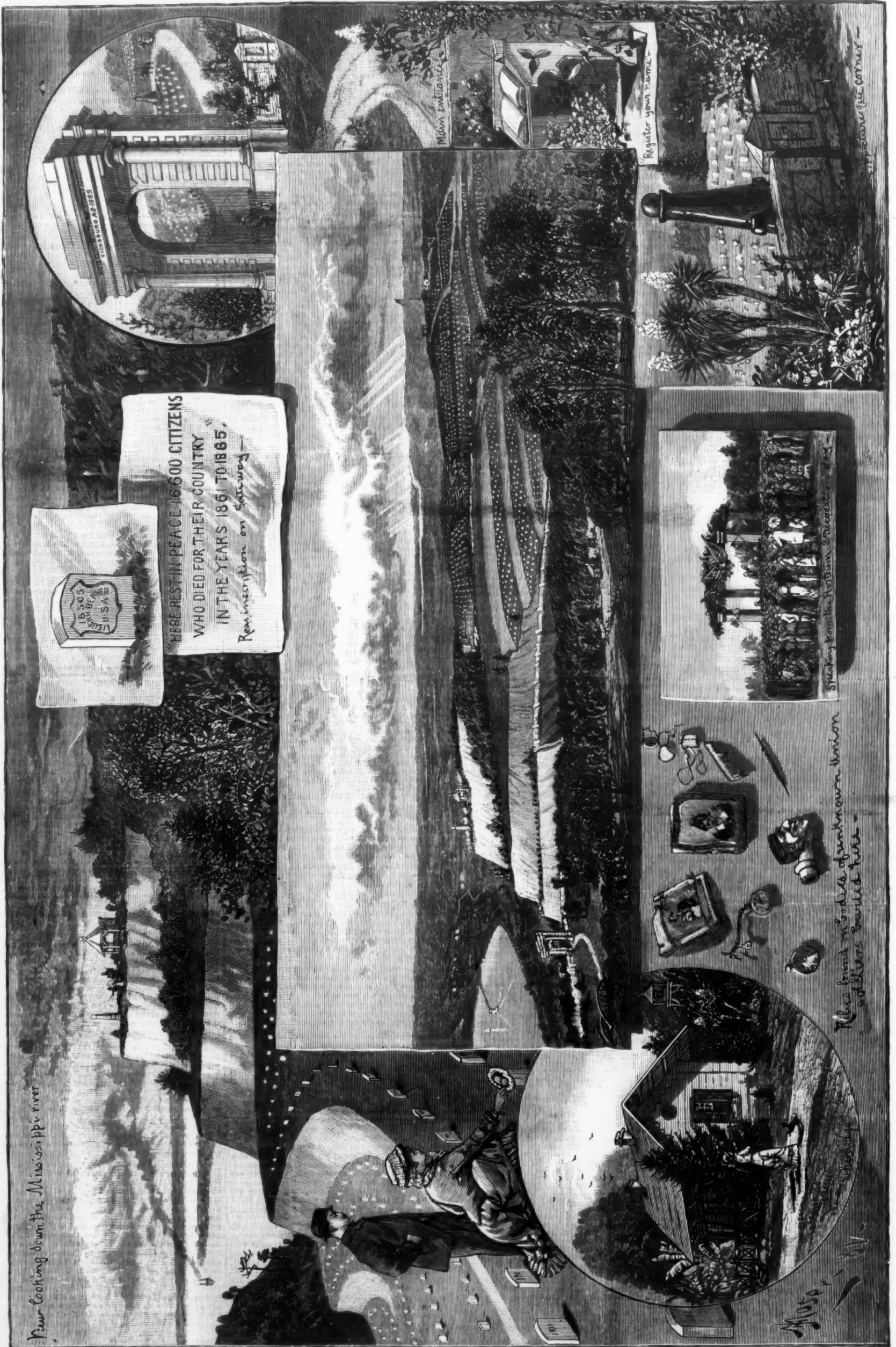
EX-SENATOR SIMON CAMERON has given to the Lutherans of Maytown, Pa., the old Cameron homestead in that village, to be used as a parsonage. As Mr. Cameron intends that the parsonage shall constitute a memorial of his deceased wife, her portrait will remain in the parlor of the building. The house, which is in the central part of the village, is a large brick building, two stories high, substantially built, and surrounded by about half an acre of ground, well filled with fruit-trees, vines and shrubbery.

BISHOP SMITH, of Kentucky, has been elected President of the "Church Temperance Society" of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. The objects of the Society are the promotion of temperance, the removal of the causes which lead to intemperance, and the reformation of the intemperate. The "basis of the society" recognizes temperance as the law of the Gospel, and total abstinence as a rule of expediency in certain cases, "and fully and freely accords to every man the right to decide, in the exercise of his Christian liberty, whether or not he will adopt said rule."

M. GAMBETTA is engaged to marry, it is reported, the daughter of M. Durand, an immensely wealthy South American planter of French origin. The son of a poor provincial couple, M. Durand started out as a boy to seek his fortune in America. He went into the coffee and cacao trades, and is to-day one of the richest men in the Spanish tropics. Several years ago he returned to France, where the eldest of his three daughters married Count Flaten, a Swedish nobleman, and the second the Marquis de Escambreras, the owner of gold and silver mines near Carthagena. It is the youngest of these three sisters who is said to be the future Mme. Gambetta.

OBITUARY.—May 21st.—Professor Alexander I. B. Schem, a well-known philologist and editor, at New York, aged 55. May 22d.—Hon. M. H. Coker, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, at Louisville, aged 49; M. Duvier de Hauranne, the French publicist and statesman, and a Member of the Academy, aged 83; Michael S. Allison, one of the 3rd steamship builders, at Jersey City, aged 65; May 23d.—Judge Bowse, Surrogate of Union County, N. J., at Rahway; Mrs. Catherine Coffin, at Cincinnati, who, with her husband, aided the escape to Canada of fugitive slaves, aged 78; Sr. Louis A. Molegari, Italian Minister to Switzerland, of apoplexy. May 24th.—Rt. Hon. William P. Adam, Governor of the Presidency of Madras, India, aged 58; Lieutenant-colonel Richard P. Halsted, who served throughout the war, at Sing Sing, aged 60; he had been blind since the close of the war, and for five years was blind; Bishop J. J. Clinton, sealer Bishop of the African Zion M. E. Conference, at Atlantic City, N. J., aged 60. May 25th.—Professor Edward S. Maturin, a popular teacher of languages and literature, at New York, aged 69; "Commodore" Nutt, the celebrated dwarf, in New York, aged 37.





MISSISSIPPI — THE NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY AT VICKSBURG. — FROM A SKETCH BY J. H. MOSER. — SEE PAGE 255.





HON. GEORGE B. LORING, U. S. COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DILLON.

HON. GEORGE B. LORING, U. S. COMMISSIONER  
OF AGRICULTURE.

DR. GEORGE B. LORING, the new Commissioner of Agriculture, was born at Andover, Mass., September 8th, 1817. He was educated at Franklin Academy, and entered Harvard College, from which he graduated in the Class of 1838, with ex-Archbishop-General Devens, Hon. James Russell Lowell, Rev. J. F. W. Ware, W. W. Storey and others. After studying four years in the Harvard Medical School, and a brief practice at Andover, Dr. Loring was appointed a surgeon in the Marine Hospital at Chelsea, where he remained eight years. In 1851 he removed to Salem, which he has since considered his home.

Previous to the rebellion Dr. Loring was a strong Democrat, and in 1856 was a delegate to the National Convention at Baltimore. At the opening of the war he withdrew from all the organizations of that party, and in 1864 he made a public renunciation of allegiance and identified himself with the Republicans. Since then he has occupied many positions of honor and trust under the banner of the Republican Party. In 1868 he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention which nominated General Grant, and in 1872 went into the Convention as Chairman of the Massachusetts delegation. He has been Chairman of the State Central Committee since 1869, and has been President of the State Senate during several terms. In 1876 he was a Centennial Commissioner from his State.

Touching his fitness for the office to which he has now been appointed, it may simply be said that he was the founder of the New England Agricultural Society; that he has been its President for more than twenty years; and that for over forty years he has been identified with agricultural interests, both practically and theoretically, achieving an international reputation, and in many respects being regarded as a standard authority.

THE ARMSTRONG POSTAL MEMORIAL MONUMENT.

THE memorial monument of the late George B. Armstrong, the organizer of the United States Postal Railroad Service, erected at the northwest corner of the new Custom House building in Chicago, by the clerks and other officials of that particular service, was formally unveiled on the 19th ultimo, in the presence of a great concourse of citizens. Addresses were made by Postmaster Palmer and ex-Vice-President Colfax. Mr. Colfax, in the course of his address, said: "The first experiment of railway mail service under Mr. Armstrong's new idea was in 1864, and to the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad belongs the credit of its practical exemplification. A letter-case was put into an old route agent's car to distribute letters intended for the East, and two men were detailed from the Eastern room of the Chicago Distributing Post Office to see if Mr. Armstrong's theory would really work well in practice. This car formed the feeble

beginning of the service which to-day extends from ocean to ocean, over the entire railway system of the country, at a cost of \$1,500,000 per year, and over which is performed 102,000,000 of miles of annual service, with 1,206 postal clerks distributing mail in cars running twenty to fifty miles per hour night and day. Mr. Armstrong, seeing his plans working on so successfully, determined to have established a railway postal line between New York and Washington City, which also proved at once to be a success. Then followed the service on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. Mr. Armstrong now insisted that, as in the old cars the clerks were cramped for room, there must be new ones especially built and arranged for the service, and these were in due time constructed and placed upon various roads, East and West. Subsequently Mr. Armstrong was summoned to Washington, and by his plan for the future increase of the efficiency of the system the United States was subdivided into six divisions, at the head of each of which was placed a superintendent. The service was wisely elevated into a distinct bureau of the Post Office Department, and Mr. Armstrong was justly appointed its general superintendent. Congress made more generous appropriations, and the work was pushed vigorously forward, so that before his death the railway postal system was on every trunk line in the United States. It had been a favorite idea of Mr. Armstrong to have a fast mail service placed upon the trunk line from New York to San Francisco, shortening the mail schedule across the continent at least two days. But while he was elaborating the details he died in Chicago, May 5th, 1871, from overwork in his too close application to the wants of the public and to the service, which was the foremost thought and the personal pride of his useful life."

At the close of the address Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor, drew aside the flags concealing the monument. The foundation is four and one-half feet square. The base is four feet square and one foot thick; the base of the pedestal is three feet square and one and one-half feet thick. The pedestal proper is three and one-half feet high and two feet square, the die being highly polished. The granite of the monument is from Quincy, Mass. Surmounting the whole is a bronze bust, molded by Mr. Volk. It is three and one-half feet high, and moderately costumed. The inscription reads:

To the Memory of  
GEORGE BUCHANAN ARMSTRONG,  
Founder of the  
Railway Mail Service in the United States.  
Born in Armagh, Ireland, October 27, A. D. 1822.  
Died in Chicago, May 5, A. D. 1871.  
Erected by the Clerks in the Service,  
1881.

The bust is pronounced by all who have seen it to be a perfect piece of work.



NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT BATH, L. I.

THE LATE GENERAL JOSEPH LANE.

JOSEPH LANE was born in North Carolina on the 14th of December, 1801. His father removed to Henderson County, Kentucky, in 1804. The educational advantages of his son were meagre. From boyhood until he attained the age of twenty years he was alternately employed upon

the farm, in the office of the county clerk, and in a country store. In 1824 he was married to Polly Hart, and settled upon a farm in Vanderburg County, Indiana. The following year he was elected to the Legislature, and for twenty-five years, almost continuously, he represented his county in one branch or the other of the State Legislature. When the war commenced with Mexico in 1846 he enlisted as a private soldier. Lane was soon elected colonel, and shortly afterwards received a commission from President Polk as brigadier-general. He immediately set out for the seat of war, in command of three regiments of Indiana volunteers, and landed at Brazos and reported for duty. At the battle of Buena Vista he commanded the left wing of the army, which routed 5,000 Mexicans under General Ampudia. In June, 1847, he returned to New Orleans, where the Indiana regiments were disbanded.

Returning to General Taylor's line, he was ordered to join General Scott. Landing at Vera Cruz, September 16th, he took up the line of march for the City of Mexico in command of 3,000 troops. On October 9th he defeated Santa Anna at Huamantla. On the 22d of November he took Matamoros, and on December 14th reached General Scott's headquarters in the City of Mexico. General Lane's career in Mexico was one of no ordinary character. His soldierly qualities and the secrecy and co-



THE LATE GENERAL JOSEPH LANE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH  
BY BUCHTEL & STOLTE.

licity of his marches procured for him the sobriquet of "The Marion of the Mexican War."

In 1848, Congress having passed an Act organizing a territorial government for Oregon, General Lane was appointed the first Governor. In 1851 he was elected territorial delegate to Congress, and was successively elected until the State was admitted into the Union in 1859, when he was chosen United States Senator, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Vice-President in 1860. In 1861 he retired to private life, and so continued until the morning of death, when he sank to rest surrounded by three generations of sorrowing descendants. His good deeds will survive and his memory will be kindly cherished.

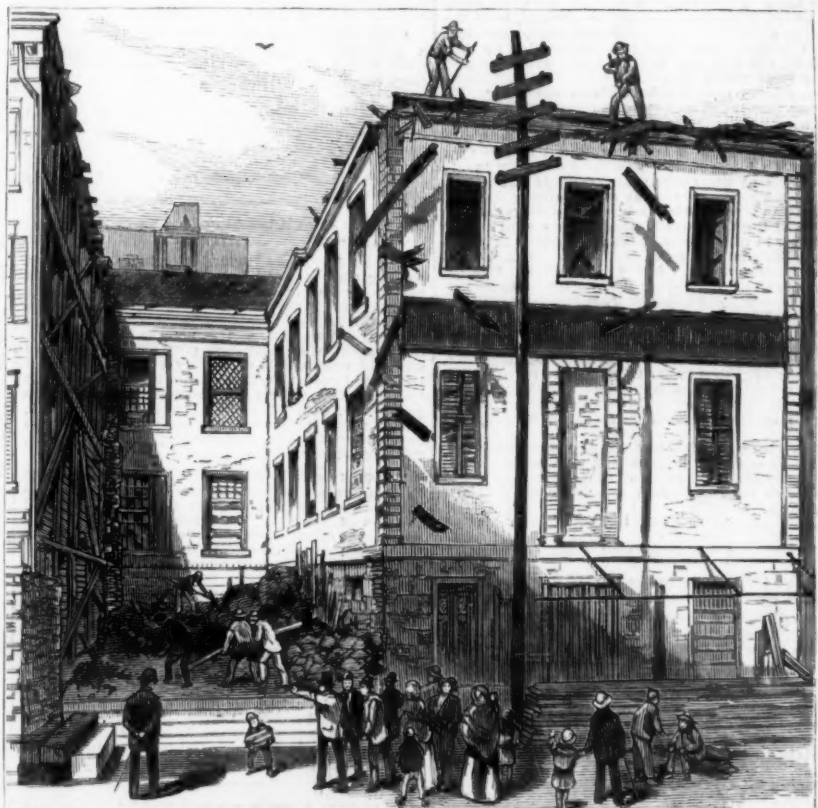
The funeral escort was the largest ever seen in Douglas County, and it seemed as if every hill and valley had poured forth to pay tribute to its dead. There was no martial music, no pomp or display, but sadly and solemnly his friends carried him to his final home. His old army coat of blue and two swords, one taken from Santa Anna and the other presented by English merchants of Mexico, were placed upon the casket, mementoes of brilliant episodes in his eventful life.

THE CHURCH OF ST. FINBARR, BATH, L. I.

WE give on this page an illustration of the Church of St. Finbarr, the first and only Roman Catholic Church in Bath, L. I., which was dedicated on Sunday, May 22d. The ground upon which the church is built was a gift from Mr. W. W. Swayne, of Brooklyn, and the name was adopted at his suggestion. St. Finbarr established the university around which the City of Cork was gradually built. The church is a modest little structure, of Gothic architecture, situated in the heart of the village. Its interior suggests more a city church than a church of a village. All the vases ornamenting the altar were, strange to say, contributed by Jews. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, in the dedicatory sermon, spoke in appreciative terms of the efforts of Mrs. and Mr. Swayne in advancing Christianity in the village. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Menagan, assisted by Fathers Kiely and Curtin. The choir from the Church of the Transfiguration, Williamsburg, furnished the music, and Dr. Alexander was the organist. The pastor of the new church is the Rev. Father Kifferkin, who was master of the ceremonies. The cornerstone of the new church was laid in September, 1880, and the structure was completed February 22d, 1881.

THE LAST OF THE GREENWICH PRISON.

THE famous Greenwich Prison, the second State Prison erected in the United States, which stood at the corner of West Tenth and Washington Streets, New York City, is now a thing of the past. For many years it had been used as a brewery. Its massive walls have



DEMOLITION OF THE OLD GREENWICH PRISON, ON THE CORNER OF WEST TENTH AND WASHINGTON STREETS, NEW YORK CITY.



MEMORIAL ERRECTED AT CHICAGO TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE B. ARMSTRONG, FOUNDER OF THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.



just been torn down to make room for buildings for commercial business. The building was completed, as far as necessary for the retention of prisoners, in November, 1877, the walls being four feet thick and fourteen feet high. The building and grounds occupied an area of four acres of ground. On the westerly side the walls were twenty-three feet high, and on Washington Street fourteen. At each corner was a cylindrical sentry-box, to which access was had from the street by a flight of stairs clinging to the walls. The structure had a frontage of two hundred and four feet on Washington Street, and contained fifty-four cells, each eighteen feet by twelve, intended to accommodate eight persons. There were two workshops within the inclosure which formed the wings of the prison pile. Armed sentries patrolled the outer walls day and night.

In 1824 Sing Sing prison was completed, and the old prison in Greenwich Village, as that part of the city was called, was abandoned. At one time it was proposed to turn the structure into a public hospital, but the idea was given up, and the property, which had cost \$208,846, was transferred by a brewing firm into a brewery. The cells were used for making-rooms, and three stories were built upon the heavy walls. Year by year portions of the original building disappeared, and now the last vestiges have been removed.

#### A Backwoods Evangelist.

A RELIGIOUS excitement has broken out among the mountains of Southwestern Kentucky. A new Messiah has made his appearance among the moonshiners and rough mountaineers, and at his preaching "their hearts are stirred as the trees are stirred by the storm." Miracles are wrought, the sick are healed by anointing and prayer, and other wonders attend the preaching and ministrations of the Kentucky evangelist. Remarkable as the narrative is, the Louisville Courier Journal, which furnishes it, says its correspondent has rejected the strange stories told of the wonderful preacher by the excited mountain folk, confining himself to what he has himself seen and heard, or what has been confirmed by unimpeachable testimony.

Rev. George O. Barnes, the mountain evangelist, is a regularly educated and ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church, now in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and who has for twenty-seven years been a preacher of the gospel. He was prepared for the ministry at Princeton, emerging from that institution well equipped with a knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, and several modern languages. For seven years after his ordination he was a missionary in Hindoostan, where his health failed, and he returned to the United States with constitution seriously impaired. When sufficiently recovered, he took charge of a church at Stanford, Ky., and preached acceptably for nearly eight years, but gave no sign of unusual powers. Towards the close of his connection with the Stanford church, his preaching became somewhat erratic. The elders said he was shaky on doctrinal points, and remonstrated with him. He responded, the presbytery rebuked him, and he withdrew in disgust. In October, 1871, he left his Stanford church, telling his congregation he did so "without a dollar in the world, but with faith in God." Some of his flock offered to build an independent church, but he refused. A Stanford man, who had removed to Chicago and became wealthy, induced him to remove to that city. He built a chapel, in which Mr. Barnes preached. An offer was made to the preacher of the church, with a furnished residence and \$4,000 a year, for which he was to preach two sermons a month. This startled him, and he literally "fled to the mountains" to escape temptation.

At the beginning of 1876 he commenced his work as a mountain evangelist, poor, in delicate health, and with no other companions than his wife and daughter. His Chicago friend sent him several checks of \$50 each, with the assurance that he would have one each month as long as both lived. He sent the money back, and refused all aid from his former friends and associates. He would "trust everything to God." His throat was weak, but for four years and a half has preached uninterruptedly two sermons every day, with the result of strengthening instead of destroying his voice, although at every preaching he violates all the rules for vocal preservation. But his style is one that the people understand. His sermons are about two and a half hours in length. If he leaves one station to travel to another, he stops on the way to hold his service in the afternoon. So eagerly is his coming expected, that whenever he is to hold services, some convert rides ahead in the morning to inform the people where he will preach. The news goes from mouth to mouth and flies like the Scottish torch from cottage to cottage. Signal fires lighting the mountain fastnesses of the moonshiners could not startle the people more. When the great preacher arrives there are usually hundreds and sometimes thousands gathered to hear him. They come afoot, on horseback, and in wagons for miles about. When he has preached they depart, except those who, rendered eager by his eloquence and simplicity, ride after him to the next town. Often when he enters a mountain hamlet, after having preached by the wayside, he is the head of a caravan of followers and eager listeners. All through those trackless mountains he has pushed his way with his wife and daughter and their little reed organ.

Mr. Barnes does not hesitate to use slang. He speaks the language of the community in which he stays. He talks to the moonshiners in the lingo of the foot-hills. He does not gloss over a fact, and when he refers to a spade he is apt to call that gardening implement a spade. Everybody inside the walls of his church understands him. The most lawless and violent communities become orderly and peaceable under his ministrations. A Judge of the notorious Breathitt County says he was stronger in that county in restoring peace than the whole State militia, and the Judge adjourned court that Barnes might address the armed factions ready to shoot each other down. He takes no collections, accepts no money from the poor, will receive nothing beyond the supply of the day's needs, and will not stay in the house of a man who cannot afford it. He receives revelations of "new light," directing his progress and shaping his teaching. The last light that broke in upon him revealed his duty to heal the sick by anointing and prayer, as set forth in the sacred Scriptures, and he is now curing by those means cases given over by the doctors.

There is no question but that the mountain evangelist is causing a great religious sensation in Southwestern Kentucky, and that thousands of persons have been converted to his doctrines of love and faith.

#### A Situation Still Open.

ABOUT four years ago the King of Burmah wished to start a weekly newspaper in the vernacular and in English, and forthwith consulted an eminent British official then in Burmah about the matter. His Majesty said there need be no trouble about minor details; he would see to them himself. What he wanted was a competent English editor, with Anglo-Burmah experience of journalism, to whom a thousand rupees a month would be paid. His Majesty added that he would only make one stipulation—namely, that the editor should pledge himself to follow with constant approval the line of policy adopted by the Court, that nothing displeasing to His Majesty should ever appear in the journal, and that in case of these rules being infringed the editor should beforehand sanction his liability to receive immediately five hundred strokes on the sole of the foot with the "sluckkak wuk," whatever that may mean. The capital of the Burmese Empire is still in want of a newspaper.

#### STEPHEN MASSETT'S BALLADS.

Two charming compositions, by Stephen Massett, have just been published by W. A. Pond & Co., of Union Square. The names are "My Darling's Shoes" and "The Dying Boy's Prayer." The words and music of the first are very sympathetic and touching, while the "Boy's Prayer" Mr. Massett has given a most graceful and admirable setting to the little poem of Austin Dobson of the "Child Musician." Both these songs are sure to become extremely popular.

#### FUN.

A PAIR OF STOCK-KINGS—Gould and Vanderbilt.

GROUNDS FOR OBJECTION.—"Me buy the property, sorr? Me be a landlord, and be shot in the back? Shure there's to be no more landlords—we're all goin' to be tinnants!"

"So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes! And do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully; and sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the evening parties."

A GENTLEMAN, calling on a farmer, observed: "Mr. Jones, your clock is not quite right, is it?" "Well, you see, sir," said Mr. Jones, "nobody don't understand much about that clock but me. When the hands of that clock stand at twelve, then it strikes two, and then I know it's twenty minutes to seven."

A MINISTER told the trustees of his church that he must have his money as his family was suffering. "Money!" said one of the trustees; "you preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls." The minister replied: "I can't eat souls, and if I could it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."

"MOTHER," remarked a Duluth girl, "I think Harry must be going to propose to me." "Why so, my daughter?" queried the old lady, laying down her spectacles, while her face beamed like the moon in its fourteenth night. "Well, he asked me this evening if I wasn't tired of living with such a menagerie as you and dad."

WHEN the Jenkins girl was whaling away at the piano and pestered the next-door neighbor, the next-door neighbor came out on the steps, listened to the noise a minute, looked up to the Jenkins girl's mother who was at the window, and said: "Got plumbers at work in your house, haven't you?" "No wonder those families don't speak now."

A GENTLEMAN in the New York Swamp met a rather "uncertain" acquaintance the other day, when the latter said: "I'm a little short, and would like to ask you a conundrum in mental arithmetic." "Proceed," observed the gentleman. "Well," said the "short" man, "suppose you had ten dollars in your pocket, and I should ask you for five dollars, how much would remain?" "Ten dollars," was the prompt answer.

A HOUSE-PAINTER who is at work on a scaffolding three stories from the ground, falls from it upon the sidewalk, where he lies limp and apparently lifeless. A crowd of benevolent folk surround him, and labor with him till his pulse returns and his eyelids begin to flutter, when a good Samaritan places a glass of water to his lips. The sufferer (feebly): "How many stories has a fellow got to fall in this ward before he gets brandy, durn ye?"

"I ASSURE you, gentlemen," said the convict, upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted.

SIR G. M. GOES IN FOR CULTURE.—"Look 'ere, Clarke. 'Appy thought! I'll make this little room the library, you know; 'ave a lot o' books. Mind you order me some." "Yes, Sir Gorgias. What sort of books shall I order?" "Oh, the best, of course, with binding and all that to match!" "Yes, Sir Gorgias. How many shall I order?" "Well—let me see—suppose we say a couple o' hundred yards o' em, hey! That's about the size of it, I think."

"OH! who broke my darling crackle?" exclaimed Miss Poushush as she entered the room and beheld the fragments of the shattered vase. "Do you know anything about this, Bridget?" "Mem?" said Bridget. "I say do you know who broke that vase?" "Will, mem, if ye must know, I suppose I did it meself. But it's nought to make a fuss about. It was cracked all over before, and I was wondering only yisterday if ye was too poor to buy a new one."

#### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

##### A COOLING DRINK.

A TEASPOONFUL of Acid Phosphate mingled with a glass of water, properly sweetened, serves to quench the thirst in a more satisfying manner than the juice of lemons or limes.

TRY RIKER'S AMERICAN FACE POWDER. Warranted harmless, and endorsed by all the leading Lyric dramatic artists. Sold everywhere at 25 cents. Those who prefer a liquid preparation will find RIKER'S CREAM OF ROSES the most satisfactory article they can use.

HUB PUNCH is sold by leading grocers.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, Broadway, New York, so long the leading hotel of the great city, fully maintains its high standard of excellence, and in comfort and luxury has no superior in this country or in Europe. Its location, for healthfulness and the convenience of travelers, is the very best. On account of its thorough good order, safety and superior rooms, it is especially adapted for families and ladies traveling without escort, who are treated with every respect and consideration. The proprietor, with his family, resides in the Hotel, giving to it his constant personal supervision; the result is that the ST. NICHOLAS is, in every respect, the Model Hotel.

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just been torn down to make room for buildings for commercial business. The building was completed, as far as necessary for the retention of prisoners, in November, 1877, the walls being four feet thick and fourteen feet high. The building and grounds occupied an area of four acres of ground. On the westerly side the walls were twenty-three feet high, and on Washington Street fourteen. At each corner was a cylindrical sentry-box, to which access was had from the street by a flight of stairs clinging to the walls. The structure had a frontage of two hundred and four feet on Washington Street, and contained fifty-four cells, each eighteen feet by twelve, intended to accommodate eight persons. There were two workshops within the inclosure which formed the wings of the prison pile. Armed sentries patrolled the outer walls day and night.

In 1824 Sing Sing prison was completed, and the old prison in Greenwich Village, as that part of the city was called, was abandoned. At one time it was proposed to turn the structure into a public hospital, but the idea was given up, and the property, which had cost \$208,846, was transferred by a brewing firm into a brewery. The cells were used for malting-rooms, and three stories were built upon the heavy walls. Year by year portions of the original building disappeared, and now the last vestiges have been removed.

#### A Backwoods Evangelist.

A RELIGIOUS excitement has broken out among the mountains of Southwestern Kentucky. A new Messiah has made his appearance among the moonshiners and rough mountaineers, and at his preaching "their hearts are stirred as the trees are stirred by the storm." Miracles are wrought, the sick are healed by anointing and prayer, and other wonders attend the preaching and ministrations of the Kentucky evangelist. Remarkable as the narrative is, the Louisville Courier Journal, which furnishes it, says its correspondent has rejected the strange stories told of the wonderful preacher by the excited mountain folk, confining himself to what he has himself seen and heard, or what has been confirmed by unimpeachable testimony.

Rev. George O. Barnes, the mountain evangelist, is a regularly educated and ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church, now in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and who has for twenty-seven years been a preacher of the gospel. He was prepared for the ministry at Princeton, emerging from that institution well equipped with a knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, and several modern languages. For seven years after his ordination he was a missionary in Hindoostan, where his health failed, and he returned to the United States with constitution seriously impaired. When sufficiently recovered, he took charge of a church at Stanford, Ky., and preached acceptably for nearly eight years, but gave no sign of unusual powers. Towards the close of his connection with the Stanford church, his preaching became somewhat erratic. The elders said he was shaky on doctrinal points, and remonstrated with him. He responded, the presbytery rebuked him, and he withdrew in disgust. In October, 1871, he left his Stanford church, telling his congregation he did so "without a dollar in the world, but with faith in God." Some of his flock offered to build an independent church, but he refused. A Stanford man, who had removed to Chicago and become wealthy, induced him to remove to that city. He built a chapel, in which Mr. Barnes preached. An offer was made to the preacher of the church, with a furnished residence and \$4,000 a year, for which he was to preach two sermons a month. This startled him, and he literally "fled to the mountains" to escape temptation.

At the beginning of 1876 he commenced his work as a mountain evangelist, poor, in delicate health, and with no other companions than his wife and daughter. His Chicago friend sent him several checks of \$50 each, with the assurance that he would have the money back as long as both lived. He sent the money back, and refused all aid from his former friends and associates. He would "trust everything to God." His throat was weak, but for four years and a half has preached uninterruptedly two sermons every day, with the result of strengthening instead of destroying his voice, although at every preaching he violates all the rules for vocal preservation. But his style is one that the people understand. Services are about two and a half hours in length. If he leaves one station to travel to another, he stops on the way to hold his service in the afternoon. So eagerly is his coming expected, that, whenever he is to hold services, some convert rises ahead in the morning to inform the people where he will preach. The news goes from mouth to mouth and flies like the Scottish torch from cottage to cottage. Signal fires lighting the mountain fastnesses of the moonshiners could not startle the people more. When the great preacher arrives there are usually hundreds and sometimes thousands gathered to hear him. They come afoot, on horseback, and in wagons for miles about. When he has preached they depart, except those who, rendered eager by his eloquence and simplicity, ride after him to the next town. Often when he enters a mountain hamlet, after having preached by the wayside, he is the head of a caravan of followers and eager listeners. All through those trackless mountains he has pushed his way with his wife and daughter and their little reed organ.

Mr. Barnes does not hesitate to use slang. He speaks the language of the community in which he stays. He talks to the moonshiners in the lingo of the foot-hills. He does not gloss over a fact, and when he refers to a spade he is apt to call that gardening implement a spade. Everybody inside the walls of his church understands him. The most lawless and violent communities become orderly and peaceable under his ministrations. A Judge of the notorious Breathitt County says he was stronger in that county in restoring peace than the whole State militia, and the Judge adjourned court that Barnes might address the armed factions ready to shoot each other down. He takes no collections, accepts no money from the poor, will receive nothing beyond the supply of the day's needs, and will not stay in the house of a man who cannot afford it. He receives revelations of "new light," directing his progress and shaping his teaching. The last light that broke in upon him revealed his duty to heal the sick by anointing and prayer, as set forth in the sacred Scriptures, and he is now curing by those means cases given over by the doctors.

There is no question but that the mountain evangelist is causing a great religious sensation in Southwestern Kentucky, and that thousands of persons have been converted to his doctrines of love and faith.

#### A Situation Still Open.

ABOUT four years ago the King of Burmah wished to start a weekly newspaper in the vernacular and in English, and forthwith consulted an eminent British official then in Burmah about the matter. His Majesty said there need be no trouble about minor details; he would see to them himself. What he wanted was a competent English editor, with Anglo-Indian experience of journalism, to whom a thousand rupees a month would be paid. His Majesty added that he would only make one stipulation—namely, that the editor should pledge himself to follow with constant approval the line of policy adopted by the Court, that nothing displeasing to His Majesty should ever appear in the journal, and that in case of these rules being infringed the editor should beforehand sanction his liability to receive immediately five hundred strokes on the sole of the foot with the "sluckkak wuk," whatever that may mean. The capital of the Burmese Empire is still in want of a newspaper.

#### STEPHEN MASSETT'S BALLADS.

Two charming compositions, by Stephen Massett, have just been published by W. A. Pond & Co., of Union Square. The names are "My Darling's Shoes" and "The Dying Boy's Prayer." The words and music of the first are very sympathetic and touching, while to the "Boy's Prayer" Mr. Massett has given a most graceful and admirable setting to the little poem of Austin Dobson of the "Child Musician." Both these songs are sure to become extremely popular.

#### FUN.

A PAIR OF STOCK-KINGS—Gould and Vanderbilt.

GROUNDS FOR OBJECTION.—"Me buy the property, sorr? Me be a landlord, and be shot in the back? Shure there's to be no more landlords!—we're all goin' to be tenants!"

"So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes! And do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully; and sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the evening parties."

A GENTLEMAN, calling on a farmer, observed: "Mr. Jones, your clock is not quite right, is it?" "Well, you see, sir," said Mr. Jones, "nobody don't understand much about that clock but me. When the hands of that clock stand at twelve, then it strikes two, and then I know it's twenty minutes to seven."

A MINISTER told the trustees of his church that he must have his money as his wife's and apparently "Money!" said one of the trustees: "you preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls." The minister replied: "I can't eat souls, and if I could it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."

"MOTHER," remarked a Duluth girl, "I think Harry must be going to propose to me." "Why so, my daughter?" queried the old lady, laying down her spectacles, while her face beamed like the moon in its fourteenth night. "Well, he asked me this evening if I wasn't tired of living with such a menagerie as you and dad."

WHEN the Jenkins girl was whaling away at the piano and pestered the next-door neighbor, the next-door neighbor came out on the steps, listened to the noise a minute, looked up to the Jenkins girl's mother who was at the window, and said: "Got plumbers at work in your house, haven't you?" No wonder those families don't speak now.

A GENTLEMAN in the New York Swamp met a rather "uncertain" acquaintance the other day, when the latter said: "I'm a little short, and would like to ask you a question in mental arithmetic." "Proceed," observed the gentleman. "Well," said the "short" man, "suppose you had ten dollars in your pocket, and I should ask you for five dollars, how much would remain?" "Ten dollars," was the prompt answer.

A HOUSE-PAINTER who is at work on a scaffolding three stories from the ground, falls from it upon the sidewalk, where he lies limp and apparently lifeless. A crowd of benevolent folk surround him, and labor with him till his pulse returns and his eyelids begin to flutter, when a good Samaritan places a glass of water to his lips. The sufferer (feebly): "How many stories has a fellow got to fall in this ward before he gets brandy, durn ye?"

"I ASSURE you, gentlemen," said the convict, upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted.

SIR G. M. GOES IN FOR CULTURE.—"Look 'ere, Clarke. 'Appy thought I'll make this little room the library, you know; 'ave a lot o' books. Mind you order me some." "Yes, Sir Gorgias. What sort of books shall I order?" "Oh, the best, of course, with binding and all that to match." "Yes, Sir Gorgias. How many shall I order?" "Well—let me see—suppose we say a couple o' hundred yards of 'em, hey! That's about the size of it, I think."

"Oh! who broke my darling crackle?" exclaimed Miss Posigush as she entered the room and beheld the fragments of the shattered vase. "Do you know anything about this, Bridget?" "Mem?" said Bridget. "I say do you know who broke that vase?" "Will, mem, if ye must know, I suppose I did it meself. But it's nought to make a fuss about. It was cracked all over before, and I was wondering only yesterday if ye was too poor to buy a new one."

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4. For parties keeping regular deposit accounts with us we collect and credit United States, Railroad and other coupons and dividends, payable in this city, without charge; make careful inquiries and give the best information we can obtain respecting investments or other matters of financial interest to them; and in general serve their interests in any way in which we can be of any use to them in our line of business.

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DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC FLESH BRUSH, advertised in another column of this paper, is owned and placed upon the market by the same parties who have during the past year made such a conspicuous success in this country of the ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH of the Pall Mall Electric Association of London. The favor with which the public has received the latter article, and the substantial trade which has been established in it, are the best introduction the new brush could have to the popular favor.

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